

# Evening WEEKLY Gazette.

VOL. I.

RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1877.

NO. 12.

## Have the Heart to Learn.

The brow may wear a radiant smile;  
The world its gifts impart;  
We may not know the gift erewhile,  
Which dwells within the heart.  
Dear friends! let us meet a shade  
Our life's eventful years!  
The heart may seem for gladness made,  
May be a joint of tears!

The stranger's form may look and wear  
An aspect cold and stern,  
Yet judge him not but still forbear,  
We have the heart to learn.  
That form may bear a secret mind,  
For it is the earth unknown;  
For as the sun in first ray,  
And friendship's brightest pearl enshrined  
Gleams till life's final day.

The humble, unassuming one,  
We would not deign to name,  
May win a crown by us ne'er won,  
Though we may toil for fame;  
For gainless oftenes make her seek  
In the world's earth unknown;  
And in some lone but loved retreat,  
Erects her dazzling pearl.

To all, of every name, extend  
The friendly heart and hand;  
Thy foe, as well thy warmest friend,  
May not its power withstand.  
The world is narrow, like the tomb,  
The follow me on earth;  
The darkness of this vale illume,  
With a life of cherished worth.

## FENELLA.

### A PROSE IDYLL OF ITALY.

BY C. E. HALL.

#### I.

A street in Florence on a summer's evening; Florence the gay and beautiful; the modern Athens; the city of liberty; the mother of genius; the queen of art, poesy and love. Filled as it is with classic memories, who can tread its winding streets or walk by the banks of Arno's time-honored shores without thinking of what the city's past has been? At every step there is something to recall the glories of the old-time, the histories of the great, the heroism of the dead. What a host of noble names rise up before you as you walk! Dante, Petrarcha, Boccaccio, Villani, Galileo, Angelo, Brunelleschi, Giotto and Machiavelli are but a few. Who, too, will not remember the stories of the famous Medici, of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, of the Bianchi and the Neri; the histories of Giovanni Buondelmonte, of the Borgo Allegri and old Toscanelli; or the fates of lovely Eleanora, Bianca Capella and stately Gualdrada?

The sun had set. It is the soft roseate stillness of an Italian afterglow—that interval betwixt light and darkness, when all Nature seems to pause awhile ere lulling herself to sleep. In the west, beyond Monte Oliveto, lingers the glory of the sunset. Below lies Florence in her valley of lilies, bathed in a golden mist; her domes and spires, her minarets and towers rising upward, while the classic Arno winds in between, and meanders onward to where the majestic Apennines steeped in the varying colors of the sunset sky, encircle the noble city and tower boldly in the soft evening light.

A little crowd has collected in the Via di Guicciardini, near to the house in which Machiavelli used to live; a Florentine crowd of old men and maidens, young men and children, full of life and gaiety, and beaming with bright Etruscan smiles. In their midst, half-way up a flight of steps, stands a young girl singing. She has a rich, powerful voice; the strong fresh notes of a pure Italian soprano in its earliest youth. Her face is a beautiful one, and a glow of warm color overspreads it as she exerts herself to please the populace who applaud around her. Her hood of lace and velvet, rather shabby and torn, has fallen back over her shoulders, revealing a golden feathered mass of rippling hair, which in its turn encircles her lovely childlike face and blue-gray eyes. A youth stands near her, with a guitar strung round his shoulders, on which he strikes every now and then an accompanying chord.

The crowd listens enchanted, and applaud each effort vociferously. But at length she ceases, and motioning to the youth by her side, with a graceful adieu to her audience, walks quickly down the

street, followed by the hurrahs and cheers of the multitude.

"Elvino," said the little songstress to her companion, as they walked onward, "did you notice the tall signor with the spectacles watching me in the crowd? He must be some stranger. I have never seen him before. And how intently he was listening!"

"Yes, Fenella, and I heard him ask old Marco Stragi who you were and where you lived."

"Who can he be?" she murmured, relapsing into thought.

They had soon crossed the Ponte Vecchio, with its lines of shops, and having hurried up a narrow by-street, stopped short on the threshold of a small low-storyed building, half house, half workshop, which stood alone not far from the river. It was almost dark as they entered, and the figure of an old woman, fast asleep in one corner of the room, was barely discernible. But from the inner chamber a feeble rushlight struggled to illumine the prevailing dusk, and Fenella, having removed her hood and kerchief, went in thither, followed by the young man.

At a long deal table, covered with a variety of tools and other miscellaneous articles, sat a gray-headed old man, pursuing with wondrous patience and industry the following of his craft. His profession was that of a mosaicist—a manufacturer of those little fancy trifles and pretty knick-knacks, the making of which cost such an infinite amount of labor and skill. Before him lay, arranged in order, a quantity of infinitesimally small pieces of vari-colored glass, and these he was laying with the greatest care upon a kind of plaster foundation.

On the entrance of Fenella he looked up from his work, and with a smile of welcome said, in the rich pure Tuscan of his race—

"Ah, my dear, is it you at last? You are late this evening. Has she been singing in the streets again?" he added, turning to Elvino, who had just entered.

This old man, by name Matteo Bianchi, and his wife Giannetta, who was quietly sleeping in the outer chamber, were the father and mother of Elvino. Fenella was their adopted child, an orphan whom they had reared from babyhood.

Before the young man could reply to his father's question, a loud knock at the door without had aroused old Giannetta from her early slumbers, and she was now hastening to learn the cause of the disturbance. Fenella, peeping through the doorway which separated the two rooms, suddenly drew in her head, and, turning to Elvino, said in an amazed whisper—

"It is the strange signor who was listening to my song in the crowd to-night."

"O 'Nella, 'Nella, did I not tell you you would be getting into trouble with this singing business?" exclaimed Matteo in a serious whisper.

Fenella, easily frightened, began visibly to tremble, and her nervousness was considerably augmented when old Giannetta, popping her head into the room, said in a shrill cracked voice—

"A grand signor wishes to see our young signorina. 'Nella, dear, it must be you he wants."

A general consternation ensued; Fenella turning white as a sheet, and thinking that nothing short of imprisonment for some unknown crime in the deepest dungeon of the dread Bargello Tower awaited her. At length, stoutly protected on either side by Matteo and Elvino, she consented to meet her fate, whatever it might be; so, Giannetta leading the way, they all went into the adjoining room, where the mysterious visitor sat awaiting them. His business was soon explained, and Fenella's fears became suddenly transformed into a seventh heaven of delight at a prospect of future destiny which the strange signor revealed to her.

He told them that he was a

great musician; that his whole life was devoted to the study of the divine art; that he had heard Fenella sing in the streets, and was confident, with training, she might very soon compete with all the great female singers of her country; that in the interests of art he would be prepared to pay for her vocal tuition in the Milan Conservatoire; and that, with such natural gifts as she possessed it would be madness in one humbly born not to turn to advantage talents which might bring to her not only fortune and position, but honor and esteem, fame, honor and renown.

The little group listened breathlessly in wonder and amazement. Was it possible that such things could happen to Fenella; such fortune light on that humble household; such glory and honor fall to the share of a poor orphan, dependent upon others for her daily bread? And yet the gray-headed old Matteo could not but feel that all these might come to pass. He too, knew well the richness and beauty of that Italy young voice; for he was of Italy, and what Italian does not know how to appreciate true genius in song?

To prove that his intentions were perfectly honorable, Signor Farino (such was the stranger's name) offered to pay Matteo's expenses to Milan and back in order that he might see his adopted child safely provided for in the great musical academy.

Fenella herself was so overwhelmed with the wonderful prospects which had been held forth to her, that she was incapable of speaking definitely on the subject any more than that evening. It was therefore decided that the musician should call on the following day to receive a final answer.

Disturbed were the dreams of the little household on the night that followed. Visions of a sunny rose-steeped future flitted across Fenella's both sleeping and waking thoughts. But young Elvino's were of a sadder nature. He loved Fenella with a sincere affection. They had been brought up together from infancy, and it had always been the desire of the two old people to unite them in a holier and stronger bond as soon as they should both have attained ripe years for matrimony. The young girl fully returned all her foster brother's love; saving the old people who had been so good to her, there was no one she loved better in the whole world. Well therefore might Elvino be sad at the prospect of losing her.

The morrow came, and with it

Signor Farino. The family conclave had a long grave discussion,

the result of which was an acceptance of the musician's generous offer, and an arrangement that Fenella and old Matteo should be ready to start for Milan in a week's time.

The days flew quickly away, and great preparations were made for the departure.

On the last evening the two young people went out together for a final walk.

It was a beautiful, lustrous moonlit night, with a blue Italian sky, star-studded, overhead, and the air laden with a sweet dreamy fragrance, as they strolled along through the Prato Gate toward the hills that lay beyond. Both were unusually silent; for their hearts were almost too full to speak. At length Elvino said—

"Ah 'Nella, 'Nella, I am so wretched at you leaving us. There is no telling when I may see you again. You are going to learn how to become a great singer, a public favorite, a rich signorina. Is it not possible that in your gay triumphs and successes you may forget us, 'Nella? Forget Florence, forget—"

"Elvino," she cried, reproachfully, "how can you say such things? Forget you, forget Florence! When I do I shall be in my own grave! No, no; I am but going away for a little while; to

Poor Elvino, down in the great human tide below, unnoticed and unnoticed, felt his heart almost burst with the excitement of the moment; with the anxiety he felt

for the dear innocent maiden who would shortly have to face alone this immense concourse of spectators—this world of life and light and brilliancy all so new to her. Indeed it was mostly new and surprising to him, for it was very hardly afforded himself the luxury of a visit to the Florentine places of amusement. He felt amazed at the vastness of the place; but his thoughts were mostly with the foster-sister whom he loved so dearly, and the dreaded ordeal she was about to go through.

Elvino felt abashed at her reproof, and for having one moment doubted her constancy. They relapsed again into silence and returned homeward towards the Cascine woods and the lights some plain in which Florence lies.

After repassing through the gate, they paused beneath the limes of the piazzone, to behold together for the last time the tender glory of the moonlight as it lay broad and white on the river and lit up the beauties of the distant landscape; where the gray ruined walls of aged Fiesole stood out clear against the midnight sky.

And as they stood together there—alone in the city of their birth—each gave the other a solemn promise to be faithful to the love which bound them to the end of time.

#### II.

An immense audience had collected one June evening within the walls of the Scala Theater Milan. It was the debut night of a new prima donna prior to the close of the spring season. A debut is a very ordinary occurrence indeed at Milan, most of the pupils at the Conservatorio making their first essays on the boards of La Scala; but there was something special about this particular one in question, which brought together a larger concourse of people than usual—a people who are at once, perhaps, the most musical, the most exacting, the most critical in the world.

The name of the signora that night to make her first bow in public was Fenella Bianchi. After a year's training in the renowned school of music, her preceptors had pronounced her fitted in every way to make a splendid success in the operatic world. Wonderfully endowed with a natural genius for her art, and ready skill in making the very best use of it, she had rapidly acquired the scholarly instruction necessary to perfect her in the profession she had chosen; and she was now about to make her first trial in public, with everything in her favor, and with the confident assurances and well-wishes of all her instructors and fellow-students in the great Conservatorio. She had written home to Florence, and told the news of her coming debut and the unusual success which was expected of her. How she wished they might be there to see her and rejoice in her success, if success should attend her! But she knew that this could not be. The journey to Milan was too far and too expensive for the old mosaicist and his wife to undertake. But Elvino had secretly, without letting anyone know until afterwards, resolved to be present at the debut. He labored harder than ever to save the money for the journey, and when the eventful evening had arrived he might have been seen among a sea of human heads in the vast opera house of La Scala.

The opera selected for the occasion was the ever fresh and graceful "L'Elisir d'Amore," a favorite with the Milanese, it having been composed for their city by its composer, Gaetano Donizetti, when he was in the height of his fame and zenith of his power.

Every seat in the vast semicircle appeared to be filled at the hour of performance, and, after the orchestra had played the overture, all eyes were directed to the stage for the appearance of Adina (the heroine of the opera) on the rising of the curtain.

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## The Stammering Wife.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne, I vowed, if the lady would only be mine, I would always endeavor to please her. She blushed her consent, tho' the stammering lass Said never a word, except "you're an ass— An ass—an assiduous teaser."

But when we were married, I found to my chagrin, the stammering lady had spoken the truth. For often, when I disagreed with her, She'd say, if I ventured to give her a jog, In the way of reproof, "you're a dog-dog— A dog—a dogmatic curmudgeon."

And once, when I said, "We can hardly afford this extravagant style with our moderate board," And hinted we ought to be wiser, She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue, And said, "I'm afraid, if you're a cu-cu-cu— You were always ac-cus-to-med to labor."

## The Old Capitol Prison.

A Reminiscence of the Assassination of President Lincoln.

The murder of the President brought many unexpected guests to the prison, among whom I remember Junius Brutus Booth, a brother of Wilkes Booth, John S. Clark, the renowned comedian Mr. Ford of Baltimore, owner of Ford's Theatre in Washington, where Lincoln was shot, Dr. Mudd, who set the broken limb of the flying assassin, and who repented thereof in the Dry Tortugas, Spangler, the stage carpenter, who held ready a saddle horse at the back door of the theatre for Booth's escape, and many others supposed to have had possible connection with, or knowledge of the assassination.

On the night of the murder of Lincoln there were eight hundred rebel officers in Carroll Prison, and I need hardly say it was crowded to its utmost capacity. Every grade of rank, from second lieutenant to a major-general, had its representative, and, as a rule, they were intelligent, gentlemanly set of men, and, as I thought, worthy a better cause. I announced to them myself the news that fell so like a thunderbolt on the country of the cowardly murderer of the President, and to their honor I record it, with two exceptions, they united in condemning the act, and regretting its occurrence most heartily.

While Carroll Prison was thus crowded it was attacked by a mob and came near furnishing a bloody sequel to the death of Lincoln. It was when daily expectation of the announcement of the capture of his murderer was awaited with intense interest, that a Sergeant and two privates were sent in charge of two prisoners, civilians, from the headquarters of the Provost Marshal, Colonel Ingraham, to deliver them at Carroll Prison, and it was surmised and believed that the prisoners were Booth and an accomplice.

Instantly they were followed by a crowd that rapidly increased in numbers and fierceness, till it seemed that the death of the entire party was inevitable. A mounted Orderly, by another street, brought notice of their coming, and a warning to be prepared. But thirty men were to be spared, and they were at once drawn up before the entrance, and the Orderly dispatched for more troops. Presently the mob came in sight, a dense mass, numbering thousands, while just before them, driven like chaff before the gale, was the Sergeant and his men running, but bravely keeping their trust, always surrounding and defending the prisoners—now struck down by some missile, but instantly up again, making straight for the shelter of the prison, which at last they reached, bloody and bruised all of them, but especially the prisoners, half dead with blows and fight. Then the mob, cheated of its prey, crowded the street with fierce yell, and began hurling stones at the windows and finally at the little force still guarding the front doors, till the ominous ticking of the gun-locks began to intimate that, with or without the orders of their officers, they would fire in self defense. Anxiously they looked for the coming assistance, but compelled at last to either give up their trust or to attack, they suddenly deployed as skirmishers, and with leveled bayonets sprang forward at the word of command upon the rioters, who dismayed and surprised, fled down the streets and alleys, not one being killed, and but few being wounded with the bayonet. The prisoners, I need not add, were not Booth, or connected in any way with his crime, but they barely escaped with life.—Col. Colby in Philadelphia Weekly Times.

Burlington Hawkeye: Aurora is agitated. It has a piece of local scandal as long as a clothes line. A dentist of that virtuous city found it necessary to lock the doors of his operating room when he pulled a young girl's tooth, and the crazy women who stood around with the jumping toothache an hour and a half, and pounded on the door and howled for relief, went about and talked, and now the citizens want to pull the toothy carpenter. Truly, in the midst of life we are in trouble of one kind and another.

Take away your Spartan boy and his fox. A prominent Free and Accepted Mason of Burlington stood still the other day on a grand occasion in a neighboring village, listened to a long address of welcome, never moved a muscle, and made his response without a tremor in his voice, while all this time a grasshopper two inches long was crawling up and down his leg. But when the Mason got away into a secret place he kicked his leg out of joint in three places and lay down and had four fits.—Hawkeye.

AN INDIAN SCARE IN PARADISE VALLEY.—From T. H. Wayte, proprietor of the Winnemucca and Paradise Valley stage line, who arrived in town last evening, we learn that the people of Paradise Valley, particularly those on the outside settlement, are very much alarmed about the Indians. Fears are entertained that a roving band of red skins will attack the ranchers in isolated settlements, and these fears have been heightened by the fact that the Indians stole some horses from James Byrne's ranch last Saturday night. Settlers are arming themselves, so as to be prepared, in the event of an attack, to defend themselves and their property. It is known that there are bands of Indians over which Winnemucca and Naches have no control, and the peace protestations of those chiefs is no guarantee that those bands will not commence depredations.—Silver State.

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## RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

### There's Life in the Old Dog Yet.

Don't think because I am fallen now  
From success and fortune both,  
That I intend to give up trying,  
Or to pass my days in sloth.  
No; I do but bend beneath the wind,  
Like a young ash firmly set,  
And though faint at times and sad at times,  
There's life in the old dog yet."

I've fought in the battle of life too long  
To give up for an open fee;  
And I've won before and I've lost before,  
And still I can stand a blow.  
Then why give up at a passing storm,  
And sink down in the mire and wet?  
I'll hope to the last and try to ride the last,  
There's life in the old dog yet."

I've never seen my path through life  
A faltering heart succeeded;  
And I've never known or heard it said  
There is no true help at need.  
I've seen men down in the dust sink low,  
And the sun of my life seemed set;  
But I always feel, with "Hope" and "Faith,"  
There's life in the old dog yet."

### Louis Napoleon's Courtship.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, in his volume just published in London, tells the conclusion of Louis Napoleon's courtship. It was at the New Year ball in '33 that as the company were passing to the supper-room Mademoiselle de Montijo and Madame Fortoul, wife of the Minister of Public Instruction, reached one of the doors together. Madame Fortoul, mastered by that jealousy of the fortunate lady which was general at court, rudely rebuked Mademoiselle de Montijo for attempting to take precedence of her. The young lady drew aside with great dignity before this affront, and when she entered the supper-room the pallor and trouble in her face at once attracted the notice of the Emperor as she took her seat at his Majesty's table. In great anxiety he rose and passed behind her chair to ask what had happened. "What is the matter? Pray tell me." The marked and sympathetic attention of the Emperor drew all eyes upon the lady, who became covered with confusion. "Implore your sire, to leave me," she answered; "everybody is looking at us." Troubled and perplexed, the Emperor took the earliest opportunity of renewing his inquiry. "I insist upon knowing. What is it?" "It is this sire," the lady now answered haughtily, the blood mantling her cheek. "I have been insulted tonight, and I will not expose myself to a second insult." "To-morrow," said the Emperor, in a low, kind voice, "nobody will dare to insult you again." Returned home, Madame de Montijo and her daughter, their Spanish blood thoroughly roused, made hasty preparations to leave Paris for Italy. On the morrow morning, however, the mother received a letter from the Emperor, in which he formally asked the hand of Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo in marriage; and the ladies within a few days removed from their apartments to the Elysee, which was assigned to the Emperor's betrothed. Within a month Mademoiselle de Montijo sat on the throne of the Tuilleries beside Napoleon III.

### SWARING IN CROMWELL'S TIME AND WHAT IT COST.

England's neutrality in the existing war is now considered absolutely assured so long as Russia keeps her pledges not to interfere with British Indian interests or routes. It is also assumed here that Russia will demand, as a condition of peace, the cession of Servia and Bosnia to Austria, a portion of Armenia to the Czar, and the cession of Bulgaria to Roumania. This will be exacted. These two will be made independent states, to hold the mouth of Danube under international guarantees, as Belgium holds the mouth of the Rhine. Germany probably will not object to this arrangement; but the only thing apparently certain is, that the continental powers expect to settle the new boundaries, without reward to England, who is in such a position that her diplomacy is practically powerless to affect the question. This creates some uneasiness, because it seems to leave England no choice but absolute acquiescence or remonstrance by means of aggressive war.

A lady of a certain age, very well preserved too, is having her hair combed by her maid, a chit of seventeen, who, after the manner of ladies' maids, is praising her mistress' beauty extravagantly. "Well, Minette," says her mistress, with a satisfied glance at the mirror, "what would you give to be as handsome as I am?" "Oh," replies the hand-maiden with a simper, "what would you give to be as young as I am?" The betting is 1,000 to 1, and no takers, that that ladies' maid will not grow gray in the service of that particular mistress.—*Paris paper.*

A correspondent of the New York Post, now in Italy, recalls the marriage of President and Mrs. Hayes, of which he was a witness. The wedding took place in Cincinnati, on Sixth street, and the ceremony was performed by a Methodist clergyman. Only a few persons were present, and the entertainment was of the simplest description. It was a good start in life, however, and from its modesty and earnestness augured well for the future happiness of the young couple, if it did not promise results so grand as those they have achieved.

### The Mysterious Bracelet.

### Boston in Trouble.

There is terrible consternation in Boston. Rachel mourning for her rations and refusing to be comforted because they are not. Beans are up. Some rascally speculators have got a corner on the article. All the beans in the country are in their hands, and subject to their dictation. The eye behind the Boston spectacle grows dim, the shank in the blue stocking shrinks, and the stomach of the Hub caves in. The Post, sharing the general affliction, wails thus:

"It is the commercial privilege to forecast a rise in articles which are likely to be in demand for popular consumption, but do not beans form a natural exception to such a rule? Every one in this community knows beans much too well to yield an inch on this subject to the spirit of speculation. As soon think of starting a corner in ambrosia in the market of Olympus. While the dome on the State House throws back the beams of the westering sun, or the sea on the frog pond rolls up its yeasty waves in idle convulsions against the base of Beacon Hill, let it not be whispered abroad that the commercial heart of Boston was ever suspected of disloyalty to beans. They symbolize a vast deal more of the social life in which we all live and have our being, than any other product of earth, air, or water that assimilates itself with our local character. They represent more of the comfort-loving element in the common mind than any thing that can be named in our libraries or art galleries. Boston would feel more lost without its allowance of beans than without Harvard College and all it implies."

**QUICK WORK.**—A very interesting experiment took place during last harvest near Carrollton, Missouri, for the purpose of ascertaining in how short a time wheat can be taken from the field and put down in bread on the table. This was actually accomplished in 11 minutes, being the shortest time on record. The Miller's Journal prints a letter signed by the judges, county officials, editors and other citizens of Carrollton, asserting the truth of the following experiment which they watched with watches in hand. The statement is as follows:

"The undersigned citizens of Carrollton and vicinity certify that at a trial this day for the purpose of ascertaining the time in which bread could be made from wheat taken in the field standing, the following time was made by J. F. Lawton, proprietor of the mill: Commenced cutting with the reaper at 3:01 P.M.; finished cutting at 3:02; began threshing at 3:02; finished one bushel at 3:03. Commenced grinding at 3:04; finished at 3:06. Mrs. Lawton began making bread at 3:08; finished at 3:08. Griddle cakes baked at 3:09, and biscuit baked and eaten at 3:12; the accomplished in 11 minutes. The reaper, thresher and mill were thoroughly cleaned out before the trial commenced, and not a particle of flour was used that did not come from the wheat cut in the above trial. The witness kept separate time, and in the result all time agreed."

**A FEW ITEMS FOR MOTHERS TO READ.**—A correspondent in writing to the Middletown Press offers the following reasonable suggestions to mothers of afflicted children:

We hope that mothers will remember that good brandy is a cure for Summer complaint; in bad cases a teaspoonful in milk three or four times a day.

A flannel cloth, wet in hot brandy, or better, camphor and brandy mixed and heated, will relieve the pain of the bowels if frequently laid over the stomach and bowels.

Bits of scraped ice are better on the tongue than drinks of water.

For stings and poisons a strong solution of saleratus and water immediately and then frequently applied give relief and sure cure.

For burns, an immediate application of flour covering the burn and wrapped so as to exclude the air; then burn lard until it is quite brown and apply; the relief and cure will soon come. Do not wash off the flour if it clings, but put the lard over it.

At night, in extreme warm weather, a lemon squeezed in tepid water, to sponge off the tired out little body, will give rest to both the mother and child. Saleratus is good, but the lemon is best. Even washing off the little feet, neck and palms of the hands in tepid, never very cold, water will induce a healthful sleep.

When the first newspaper was started in Japan the editor asked a Japanese gentleman if he wished to have the paper sent regularly. "No, I thank you," he replied, "I have a copy." The gentleman of the old school had no idea that a newspaper contained fresh matter every issue.

A husband, finding a piece broken out of his plate and another out of his saucer, petulantly exclaimed to his wife: "My dear, it seems to me that everything belonging to you is broken." "Well, yes," responded his wife, "even you seem to be a little cracked."

"Pa," asked an up town boy the other day, "what is meant by paradise?" "Paradise, my son," replied the father gloomily, "paradise is the latter part of next Summer, when your mother goes on a visit to your grandmother."

### One More Unfortunate.

Fold the coarse shroud on her bosom,  
Lift her with Jesus and mirth;  
Tie the shawl from her finger—  
Tangled her curly, but no matter,  
Push them all round her head—  
Bath her in the passionless forehead—  
Tis but a Magdalen's clay.

Who will come forth to behold her?  
No one comes with the lid;  
Press the face downward and firmer—  
It looks as her poor mother's did;  
Just such faint lines on her temples;  
Just so deep the sunken eyes;  
But their remembrance forever,  
Living by craft and by sin.

Stay! I behink me a moment—  
Why the rose is red—  
Put the pine bough in the shadow—  
Burned with sin and disgrace;  
Nameless the coffin—no master;  
Sleepeth she well enough so;  
Dig her in the corner, where  
Where the rank thistle weeds grow.

Hush, men, this birth is unluckily;  
Carefully bear her and slow—  
Though poor victim of sorrow  
She was a woman, you know.

Hush, men, your mirth is unluckily;  
Cease your smile, laugh not din;  
Man is not of the master,  
Man is to blame for her sin.

Leave her in silence to slumber—  
Evenly cover her bed;  
For sake of my own little daughter,  
I will be kind to the dead.

### Anecdotes of Tom Benton.

#### The Missouri Statesman and Old Hickory—His Opinion of Douglas—Making a Man of Fremont.

Hon. John F. Darby delivered a lecture in St. Louis the other night which contained many personal reminiscences of Thomas H. Benton. The speaker said that when Benton was first nominated for the Senate the opposition to him was very bitter. One opponent, Philip Dubuque, had said that he would lose his right arm rather than vote for Benton, and it required the strongest efforts of the French families to moderate their views. The Convention was held at the old Missouri Hotel on Main street. In one of the rooms a delegate was dying, and four stout negroes were placed one at each corner of the bed, and he was carried to the Convention, where he cast his vote for Benton and died.

When Benton went to Washington, Missouri had not become a state, and it required the Compromise Bill of Henry Clay to gain it admission. He was kept out of his seat about twenty-two months, but in all this time he kept busy and acquired the Spanish language, having already learned French from his associations with French families in St. Louis. When the great Treaty was made with Spain he was the only one in the U. S. Senate who could read the document. He was always at work, and Mr. Webster once paid him a neat compliment, saying: "When the Senator from Missouri ever spoke on a subject, he evinced such sound and thorough research that he was always edified to hear him."

The speaker gave some reminiscences of Andrew Jackson. The description of the old hero was unique, drawing him with spectacles lit up on his massive forehead, and smoking killikillick out of a long stemmed pipe. It has been said with truth by visitors, foreign notabilities, and all others, that Jackson had the most elegant manners of any of the Presidents. Washington had been dignified and austere, so Jackson was affable and easy with all.

He opposed the railroad system for a long time, and made some disparaging comparisons between Illinois and Missouri on that score. One day, representing a railroad committee, Mr. Darby went to Colonel Benton to secure his aid in a scheme for the benefit of the city and State. He spoke of Douglas having favored the movement in another direction as being conducive to his personal popularity in his designs on the Presidency. Benton replied, "Douglas can never be President; his legs are too short, and his coat-tail hangs like a cow's, too close to the ground." Benton then did help them, and the speaker stated that he had his frank on a Bill which he introduced in the Thirty-first Congress, providing for the location of a central highway to extend from St. Louis to San Francisco.

Colonel Benton never availed himself of the Summer holiday, but while others were at watering-places, recuperating and taking pleasure, he passed his time in the Congressional library at hard work and study.

His ability was so marked that the sentence of Dr. Johnson on Goldsmith was recalled: "There was nothing in the world that he touched that he did not adorn." His enemies admitted his grand ability, and Jim Green said, "We can beat the old fellow, but we cannot get any one to fill his place." He had the power, through ability, of retaining position more than any other man in the United States.

His speeches read better than they were delivered; his eloquence and reasoning were the most powerful which this country has ever produced. He never used the phrase "fellow-citizens" in his speeches, but the plain "citizens." He always spoke of himself in the third person, in this wise: "Cicero was to Catiline as Benton is to that nullifier, Calhoun." In one of his campaigns up the country, after a speech, Mr. Darby said to him, "Colonel, I believe you are making an impression on these people." He replied

emphatically, "Always the case, sir—always the case. The terms Thomas H. Benton and the people are synonymous."

He once spoke at Boonville and then at Fayette. At the latter place he said, "I spoke at the town of Boonville last night. Before I came old Doc Loury and others of his class said I would not be there; but when I arrived and commenced speaking, they walked in quietly and took their seats like a lot of disreputable characters at a baptizing."

At another time he was the guest of James S. Rollins, who showed him great attention. After a speech Colonel Benton had made, Mr. Rollins got a morning paper, and finding its comments of nature unusually strong in praise, ran up with it to Colonel Benton, who was still in bed. "Have you read it? Does it do justice to the subject?" The reply was that it did. "I know all about it, sir," replied Benton with great dignity, "I wrote it myself, sir."

The speaker alluded to the number of distinguished men who had left North Carolina to render public services in other States. Col. Benton was very proud of his origin and spoke with great pride of the fact that twenty-six months before the Declaration of Independence North Carolina had thrown off the British yoke, and Col. Benton had said, "There it is that the spirit of opposition to tyranny originated."

After his trouble with Charles Lucas a challenge was sent to him by another member of the family, which received no notice.

On the same street with him lived a man named Strother, for whom Col. Benton had a great contempt. While Strother was standing on his front steps Benton would say: "You scoundrel, don't show yourself in my presence. You vagabond, don't dare to show yourself." Strother challenged him, but Benton replied that he had promised his wife at the time of his marriage to give up dueling. Strother threatened him in a personal assault, but the Colonel was always armed to receive him.

When the Whig party thought they could defeat Benton by giving their votes to Governor Boggs, Benton was still elected. After the election he invited all parties to drink champagne, and Boggs, in his obsequiousness, did up Benton's credentials and with a great flourish presented them to him, remarking, "Colonel Benton, I will be glad to hear from you at Washington." "Yes, sir," he thundered, "you shall!" Poor Boggs crept away greatly diminished.

The speaker among other matters alluded to Colonel Benton's rage at the marriage of his daughter Jessie, with Fremont, and his afterward making the remark, "I had always wished my daughter a man, but I will have the best of the bargain and endeavor to make a man of the thing she has married."

Steamboat is destined to be a very popular place of resort.

MEXICO.—Diaz is reported to be ill, but not dangerously.

General Vallejo and John B. Frisbie have arrived from California. It is supposed that they are engaged in an extensive railway scheme in Mexico.

Diaz affects unconcern with regard to Lerdo's return. He says Lerdo will not be molested.

Affairs are reported to be very unsettled, owing to the disunion among Diaz's followers and the activity of Lerdo's party, but at present quiet apparently prevails.

When one paper sends papers to another paper and receives no papers in return, it has been noticed that after a time a certain monotonous feeling will overtake the most cheerful mailing clerk. This is intended as a mean, underhanded fling at the San Francisco Argonaut.

The institutions of our forefathers are fast disappearing. Darwin says we were evolved; Wm. Tell is declared a myth; Washington was foppish; and now the insurance men are after the fire-cracker. "One by one the roses fade."

"There's wealth in advertising," as the reader of the San Francisco Mail said when he escaped from the jingling of "Short Bits" to the spicy matter on page 4.

Stocks are still "colicky," and the Post deplores the fact that only meagre reports can be obtained from the mines.

Matters in Europe show a little more activity. The Russians are going ahead steadily, although the Turks are resisting at every step.

"Short Bits" of the San Francisco Mail should be retired. He is conspicuously subsidiary.

L. Cass Carpenter, U. S. Revenue Collector for South Carolina, is accused of stealing \$1,200.

The latest sensation in San Francisco is a Pinchback, first worn by a Louisiana girl.

"The dollar of our daddies" is what they are calling for in the East.

### THE COMMERCE OF NEW YORK.

The annual report of the Chamber of Commerce presents statistics showing that, aside from the partial loss of its tea trade, New York does not suffer materially from the diversion of business to rival ports. The change in the tea trade results from its transportation via California and overland railroads. Only one-half of last year's shipment, 14,500,000 pounds, shipped by the Pacific Mail Company, has reached the Atlantic seaboard; the remainder has been distributed mainly from Chicago, to which point capital hitherto invested in that business in New York is being gradually transferred.

In the sugar and coffee trade New York is increasing the per centage of total importations. She has recovered her partial loss of the latter trade for a year or two. Deliveries of coffee last year were 15,000,000 pounds greater than in 1875. In most cases of increase in New York, there is a corresponding decrease elsewhere.

Of the entire foreign imports during the last fiscal year, New York received 63 1/4 per cent., and she contributed 45 per cent. of the whole domestic exports, notwithstanding the largely increased cotton exportation direct from Southern ports.

The Chamber presents these facts to show that New York is advancing rather than retrograding as the great center of American commerce.

### STEAMBOAT.

A resident of Sacramento tells of his visit as follows:

We arrive now at the hotel and railroad station, kept by our esteemed friends M. and J. Rapp, who have erected an elegant two-story hotel, neatly furnished, and also a fine restaurant, where boarders can fully appreciate that they have fallen into good hands. They have six nicely furnished cottages, Saratoga style, where those who wish can have a quiet home of their own. The baths are the crowning feature of the spot. You can, as you prefer, take a warm swimming bath, a sweat closet, or shower, as you like, or do as your humble servant did, take them all in before leaving. I find the place is a great resort for Virginia and Carson people, and many old Californians have visited the Springs and felt, when they remained two or three weeks, as young as they did in '49. So I am told and I can assure that if time had permitted I should have tried it.

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### How They Want to Celebrate.

Beck wants to stay at home and read history.

Hymers wants all the people to turn out and help him look at the new bridge.

Sunderland wants everybody to come and celebrate at the Pioneer boot and shoe store.

Chamberlain wants to match his mare for a thousand.

Cohn & Isaacs want to undersell everybody.

Barlow wants to get his eye on John Doe and another Chinese case.

Nathan wants you to come and see him about store clothes.

Burchard wants to get up a "mashing tournament."

Bragg, Chambers & Co. want to get up a six minute trotting race.

Richardson wants to hold court.

Berry wants you to go to the summit.

The GAZETTE invites you to pay your subscription.

Merrill favors Verdi.

Dallam would like to sell those four sky rockets.

Borland, Evans & Co. say Bowers' Mansion.

And 38 young men are disappointed because there are no poems to write.

CAN A HORNED TOAD THINK?—

Some weeks ago a pair of horned toads, in the prime of life, and bearing good reputations, were taken from Nevada's soil—so productive—of toads—and placed in a can which had borne seidlitz powders in days of yore. Proper ventilation was provided and these sagebrush batracians were shipped by mail to the East, where the grateful recipient provided them with comfortable quarters. The pets have escaped from their pen twice since that time, and on each of these occasions went straight to the overland railroad depot. Now what did they want? Were they desirous of returning to Nevada, or only a little anxious about stocks?

BALL OF '48.—Next Wednesday evening Kimball's Hall will present a sight pleasant to the eye. The noble old engine needs more hose, and her managers have taken a most successful way to supply this want. Over 150 tickets have been sold for the "48" ball. Good music has been secured, and a good dance is in store for our dancers. The Hall and gas cost nothing, Mr. Bragg giving the boys the use of the Hall free; the Gas Company will not charge them anything for the gas consumed; the Journal and GAZETTE do all the printing and advertising without charge; and the musicians, three in number, will bring in a small bill. Hence the expenses will be very light, leaving nearly all the money with which to purchase fire hose.

SABBATH SCHOOL PICNIC.—The different Sabbath schools of Reno will unite on the Fourth, and have a glorious time at Wellman's Island. This cozy spot is less than a mile above town, and has been placed in fine condition by Mr. Wellman. All the little, fellows, and some of us older boys, look forward with rich anticipation of a good time next Wednesday. The boys will run, play ball, swing the girls, help them play Copenhagen, King William, Cousin Phoebe, and other games which girls and boys take part in, and we that are a few years older remember and wish on such occasions that we were children again that we might join in the merriment pleasure.

SIERRA VALLEY PICNIC.—The residents of Sierra Valley have resolved that the nation's birthday shall not pass without they shall have a little fun themselves. Berry, of the Summit House, will provide one horse race or more for those with heavy pockets and in the evening gives a ball for those with light feet. By leaving Reno on the morning of the Fourth, one reaches the Summit, 28 miles distant, before noon. The afternoon and evening pleasantly rolls away, and at 9 A.M. on the morning of the 5th you are at your post in Reno. There is nothing mean about a trip to Berry's on the Fourth.

EPISCOPAL SOCIAL.—The social last evening at the residence of Mr. C. A. Bragg was a very pleasant affair. There was cordial welcome and courteous hospitality for all. Music and social converse passed the evening away too rapidly, in fact before we were aware of the same, and the thanks of those present were cordially given to the host and hostess who could entertain so well. Sensible affairs, these socials.

### Public Schools.

Closing Exercises—Thorough Work Done in the Various Departments.

### Buckeye Wins.

The Latest Strike in Pyramid.—Excitement at the Camp and in Reno.

### Nottings.

We are indebted to Paul R. Hamilton, of the news depot, for many courtesies in the line of Eastern exchanges.

The man who writes to say that he called to pay us \$10 and found us out is informed that we were in. In fact we were under the table, and also under an impression that he was the assessor.

Riggen has been "rigged" up a show window in his family grocery store, and will now make a better appearance.

Local Items has gone to Franktown to see what he can find. Deal with him gently; he's broke.

Another splashion last evening, about 6 P.M.

The WEEKLY GAZETTE is the best paper to send to your friends. Eight pages. Forty-eight columns.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a public dance house.

McGinley troupe will hold forth on the night of July 4th.

Beamer has seven men at work on Jones avenue.

Sixteen men find protection in the county jail. They are all good feeders.

The horsemen of California are well pleased with the speed programme for our Fourth Annual Fair. Nevada gives \$800 more than California for her State Fair.

District Attorney Cain has moved his office to the room formerly occupied by Dr. Hutchinson, on the east side of Virginia street.

The wind was rather docile to-day.

Wm. Ross is still night watch.

William Sanders is again seen on our streets. That little joke played on him by the hard ground of Virginia street was too practical to suit Sanders' back. But if anyone gains possession of any of Sanders & Co.'s tools, most of which were stolen on the night of the fire, they will see.

"Wm. Sanders" marked on said tools, and by returning those implements of wood torture will thereby confer a favor to the above company.

Eureka is growing because circus lemonade costs her 50 cents per dose.

A curse loosely worn on the end of the tongue is one of the Spring fashions with our young men.

Our clothing merchants are all advertising that theirs is the cheapest ever sold. Then Reno must be wearing the cheapest toggy to be had. How is it?

Pyramid is entertaining some mining experts.

Doctor Bishop has returned from San Francisco, and says that he heard a man say that "times were dull."

The stone abutments to the new bridge have been completed. The iron will be here next Monday.

Mr. Kinkead had an assay made Thursday of ore from the Jones & Kinkead claim, with the following results: silver, \$131; gold, \$10. The company are in ledge matter 37 feet in width. Pyramid is fast coming to the front. A strike is daily expected in the Buckeye. All the other claims are faring well.

Ben. Bacon, of Boca, has received the Republican nomination for Assemblyman from Nevada county. We hope to record the success of his candidacy, and believe that he will win upon his merits.

The Board of County Commissioners meet next Monday. It is needless to say to parties interested to hand in your bills. A good attendance is insured, and the Clerk will have a full house.

H. C. Fulmer, recently from Selma, Alabama, has become a partner in the drug business with Mr. S. F. Hoole. Mr. Fulmer has had several years experience in the business, and those who have known him the longest speak of him as a perfect gentleman.

FAIR PROSPECTS.—W. R. Chamberlain informs us that our speed programme meets with unqualified approval of California horsemen. The turnout will be good, as several prominent turfmen have signified their intention of putting in an appearance.

Our State Races are certainly well arranged, and we hope that the field will be full. Honey Lake will turn out her fine stock, and you all want to be here if you want to get your hand into the purse.

Mr. Jess' team got insulted at something which the locomotive said to day, and ran away. No damage that we could hear of.

Ye gentle rancher has to make hay by moonlight now, owing to the high winds which prevail during the day.



## "Farmer Ox is a Darned Fool!"

FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:

Country Store on Credit;

He found himself going behind, for work as he would, by day and night, and it mattered not how high a price his crops would bring, he found it impossible to get ahead; he would often

eat out of House and Home, never once dreaming where the real leak was, for opposite

to him lived FARMER FOX.

whose farm was not near as good, and although he had commenced on a small capital, and worked no harder than Farmer Ox, he was nevertheless becoming poorer day by day.

The reason of all this was that Ox got all his Provisions, Groceries, Clothing, etc., from the country storekeeper six to eight months credit, and paid mighty dear for it, for contrary to one's own interest, Mr. Storekeeper would give him a long credit with a sharp and unmerciful interest for it. No indeed, you can wager that Farmer Ox paid dearly for the whistle.

FARMER FOX, having thought all this over, would

BOUGHT ALL HE NEEDED FOR CASH.

Over his back, and his shoulder, he goes, it does not take a great philosopher to come to the conclusion that Ox is a fool, a twelve month's credit, and charge a heavy compound interest, besides their regular profit on goods; but this is not all that such customers as Farmer Ox must bear, for the San Francisco wholesale merchant, from whom the country storekeeper buys his goods, also adds his fancy profits for interest, risk, etc., which has all got to come out of the pocket of the hard-working, but foolish Farmer Ox.

Shrewd Farmer Fox, having thought all this over, would

Have Nothing to do with the Country Storekeeper or his Credit,

But bought all his goods FOR CASH, and whenever he was hard up and wanted money, he borrowed it from the Bank at from 9 to 12 per cent. interest per annum.

No reader we have given you illustrations of two different styles of trading, and it re-

mains for you to decide whether you prefer the course pursued by Farmer Ox or Fox.

Should you decide in favor of Fox, then send your address to the

Mechanics' Store,

And you will receive in return a price list and a story paper, from which you can judge whether it would pay to trade at the

MECHANICS' STORE FOR CASH.

Address MECHANICS' STORE, 100, 102, 104 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.

## One Price! Square to a Cent!

5-12-1y

Justice to All!

BAKER & HAMILTON,

IMPORTERS OF

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

MACHINES, HARDWARE,

ETC.....ETC.....ETC.

WE ARE EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR THE FOLLOWING MACHINES:

Buckeye Mower and Reaper,

Champion Mower and Reaper,

Hollingsworth Sulky Rakes,

Wisner Self-dumping Sulky Rake,

Wood and Wire Tooth Horse Rakes,

THE BAIN WAGONS, SPRING WAGONS,

FARM, FREIGHT AND HAULER WAGONS—our own make and imported work.

The Celebrated Case Header—far superior to any other Header ever used in Nevada

Pitt's Genuine Buffalo Thresher, the Ames' Wood and Straw-burning Threshing Engines—all other goods usually offered in this line.

Our Machines are all First-class—Farmers are sure of having the BEST

Machines manufactured if they buy of us or our Agents.

THERE IS NO EXPERIMENT TO BE TRIED—EVERY MACHINE IS

THE BEST AND WARRANTED.

They are well known in this market, and always give satisfaction.

We also carry the largest stock of SHELF HARDWARE, CUTLERY, BELTING, ROPE, BALING AND

FENCE WIRE, ETC., to be found in California. Our goods are all NEW and PRICES LOW.

Send for our Catalogues for particulars.

ADDRESS SACRAMENTO OR SAN FRANCISCO. 4-21.

GRANGER HOUSE.

Corner Second and Virginia St.,

RENO, NEVADA.

THIS New Hotel is furnished throughout

all its departments in first class style,

and is now open to the public.

The best of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS will be found at the bar.

The tables will be supplied with all the sea-son affords.

NO CHINAMEN EMPLOYED.

A Reading Room attached, furnished with local and Eastern papers and periodicals.

House open day and night.

HORAN & LEARY, Proprietors.

4-14tf

GRAND GALA DAY!

Fourth of July Celebration

AT THE SUMMIT.

SPLENDID RACE DURING THE

AFTERNOON,

AND IN THE EVENING

A Grand Ball!

M. W. BERRY, PROPRIETOR OF

the Grand Ballroom, will open his doors

to make the exercises of the day all that could

be desired. Turn out with your team and

have a glorious time.

5-12tf D. & B. LACHMAN. 6-27td

## RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY  
ALEXANDER & HAYDEN,  
PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year, in advance	\$4.00
Six months	2.50
Three months	1.50

YEARLY, QUARTERLY AND MONTHLY ADVERTISING  
MENTS ACCORDING TO CONTRACT.

Office in McFarlin's building, Sierra Street, north of the Railroad.

AGENTS:

GEO. M. MOTTE, our only authorized Agent at Sacramento. He is empowered to make contracts, collect and receipt for all advertisements from that place, published in the Daily or Weekly GAZETTE.

L. P. FISHER, 21 Merchants' Exchange, is duly authorized to act as our agent in San Francisco.

Saturday, June 30th, 1877.

More Legal Oddity.

Considerable comment was excited by the absence of L. W. Lee, prosecuting witness in the Gallagher case. We are now in possession of more facts bearing upon the case and will give them in order that censure may fall where it is due. Mr. Lee has been trying to urge this case to trial for the past three months, but it has always been crowded out upon two separate occasions. Mr. Lee has been ready with his witnesses for trial and has always borne all the expenses connected with these witnesses, from his own purse. The case was set for trial Saturday, June 16th, and Mr. Lee, with much trouble and some cost, got his witnesses together. During this time circumstances rendered it matter of vital importance to Mr. Lee's business that he should meet an appointment in Wadsworth on Monday, so he agreed to be there. When Saturday came the case was postponed until Monday, and Mr. Lee notified the officers that he could not be here on that day and gave the District Attorney, verbally, names of men in town who could supply his evidence in the case. On Monday morning he sent three telegrams before Court opened, saying he would be here Tuesday morning and supposed the case postponed till that day, else he would have repeated by telegram the names of parties who were competent to supply his testimony. We had supposed that Mr. Lee was in possession of some special testimony which was material to the prosecution, but he assures us that the only thing which he could prove is not denied by the prisoner and could have been established by other witnesses whom he named. Two queries arise: Have the people any right to discuss these things? Has the State any representative higher than the prosecuting witness?

The Best Time.

Fair week is the proper time for consultation upon all subjects connected with our agricultural and business interests. It is the best time for studying the capabilities and needs of our State, and laying plans for future progress and improvement. Every section and branch of industry should be represented in order that the visitor may get an idea of our natural wealth and the opportunities offered for profitable investment; and every man who has improved methods or machinery to offer should come with them to our State Fair. Especially is this true of the mining interest. New districts should especially see the benefit of a fair exhibit of their ores, together with data of discovery, assay value and other statistics of significance to the inquirer. Such a course could manifestly do no harm, and might draw much attention where there has been uniform neglect. It would require but little effort on the part of mine owners to forward samples of ore, and in the course of two years the result would be a cabinet which would attract the attention of scientists and capitalists from other States. Our State can show choice specimens of the base metals in good form and unlimited quantities. These ores are worked in other countries but will never be touched by our native miners. Outside capital must be attracted and the easiest way to attract is by an exhibition of what we have. This society would take proper care of such specimens and almost without trouble

our mining superintendents and prospectors could build up a magnificent display of mineral wealth which would do much toward the further development of our vast resources.

The experiment is easily tried, and if Nevada lend herself to the work surely no other State or nation of the world could rival her exhibit. Such a cabinet would certainly not repel capital and would be of immense value to the State and its Society. The experiment is worth a trial and now is the best time to commence.

Ingersoll.

Our contemporaries are all prating of Ingersoll and his doctrines, and why should not we speak a short piece upon the same captivating theme. To be sure, we have not heard Robert, but still we know just what he said, and, having waited impatiently, we now break forth.

There is a great fear in the minds of Robert's critics lest he deny the existence of a Supreme Being, and thus upset the old theories of redemption, salvation and propitiation. These worthy men fall into a very common error, and are defending the truth of stories which millions have believed against the doubt of one man. But does he doubt? As we understand this new theory is very old; it began with the world, with Christianity and with man. Ingersoll worships the tangible pleasures which the world has ever sought and prayed for. He preaches love, and health and mirth, and claims them for the crowns of righteous lives. External forms he does not remember; an eternity of time and bliss he can not comprehend; an infinity of omniscient purpose, justice, mercy and punishment he fails to understand; and hence he refers them all back to the lives of happy men and women, as in some way the fullest outward or earthly expression of the ideal life at which we grasp. Ingersoll has not escaped from the belief in a Deity by any means, nor has any man who lived and breathed the air. The man who worshipped not, has yet to be born. And it matters little whether one bows to the sunshine or to its source, to the happy home where love shines, or to the moderate, upright lives which strengthened the love. Happy homes are not made by unrighteous acts, which fact Ingersoll knows, and when his eloquence almost deifies the fire-side by picturing the loving wife, mother and children, is he not pleading for more righteousness, more of these homes to perpetuate the virtue and happiness of our kind.

The editors and preachers who are assured of salvation are now zealously closing the gates against Bob. They are all journeying alike toward the Golden City, preachers, righteous editors and laymen. The glittering spires are already in view, when they come upon Robert, who is resting upon a bed of roses, happily found. "Ah, ha," say they, "this man is blind, else he would not rest in sight of paradise." The editors and preachers who are assured of salvation are now zealously closing the gates against Bob. They are all journeying alike toward the Golden City, preachers, righteous editors and laymen. The glittering spires are already in view, when they come upon Robert, who is resting upon a bed of roses, happily found. "Ah, ha," say they, "this man is blind, else he would not rest in sight of paradise." The editors and preachers who are assured of salvation are now zealously closing the gates against Bob. They are all journeying alike toward the Golden City, preachers, righteous editors and laymen. The glittering spires are already in view, when they come upon Robert, who is resting upon a bed of roses, happily found. "Ah, ha," say they, "this man is blind, else he would not rest in sight of paradise."

LATEST FROM THE SCENE OF THE INDIAN WAR IN IDAHO.—A dispatch from Lewiston, via Walla Walla, dated June 25th, says: We have just received reliable Indian news from Joseph's camp to this effect: All the women, children and property have been moved across Salmon river, thus leaving the men free to operate. It is reported that the Indians intend to raid upon settlements in Wallowa valley.

In the late fight there were seventy Indians engaged, and the casualties were four wounded and one shot through the body perhaps fatally.

News is obtained from reliable Indians who came directly from camp, and is also corroborated by news brought in by whites, that the troops will move early in the morning from the post, commanded by General Howard in person. A. L. Page, with his company of twenty-five volunteers, go with the troops.

We do not hear of any more settlers being massacred, and hope we have heard of the worst. The soldiers lie where they were killed, their bodies being stripped and mutilated.

Father Catold came in this morning from the mission with a Cœur d'Alene chief, to assure General Howard that his people would remain friendly. The excitement is subsiding, and settlers are returning to their homes.

The New York Sun is out with another sensation. It has evolved from its feverish "inwardness" a new plan for seizing upon a portion of Mexico.

Samuel Tilden, which ran for President, and was 7 to 8, will sail for Europe July 18th to see the Old World and keep Grant and Conkling straight.

That Cabinet.

We recently suggested that our Agricultural Society make some special effort for keeping specimens of Nevada's mineral wealth, and that mine owners would but consult their own interests in giving aid to the movement. Several of our citizens have spoken favorably of the idea, and seem to think it practicable. Now this is all very well, so far as it goes, but if you really favor the project do something for it. If you are acquainted with mine owners in outlying districts, write to them that we will try, under the auspices of this society, to give an annual exhibition, by statistics and samples, of Nevada's mineral wealth. Invite their co-operation, assure them of the single purpose which the society has in view, and the thing is done. Our citizens are the ones who should move in this matter, and the project is so simple and easily perfected that we hope it may be tried at once. It takes time for these things to grow. Yet we believe that in two years our collection would be well worth coming to see. It would be, and properly, the feature of the yearly fair, and would soon excite an interest which would ensure future and entire success. As we have before said, Nevada could stand without a rival in the display of mineral wealth, and this seems to be a practical method of securing the display. Let it be tried.

"What Shall We Do With Our Boys?"

We refer to the boys who sleep under the freight depot, in old wagons and empty boxes, during the daytime, and at night come forth to turn an honest penny. Also the boys who enter saloons at about 11:30 p.m., and buy bottles of cheap whiskey, which they carefully hide before going out again. Also the boys who live among us, but never do any work. Also the Pinto boys, whose habits are growing worse from association with our other boys before spoken of. We have fires occasionally which break out mysteriously, when all good citizens are in bed. We have disorderly and lawless conduct at late hours, about the time when "our boys" get fairly awake. We have occasional burglaries, and an opportunity is never lost for want of a thief to grasp it. "Our boys" all smoke, drink and eat, but they don't work. The freight depots are their points for rendezvous, and they may be seen any night sleeping, smoking or chatting with the Pintos. Should we awake some night to find the depot in a blaze, we should regret that we had done nothing with "our boys." The shameless conduct of Pinto women is well known, and is stimulated and increased by "our boys" and the cheap whiskey which they buy. The boys come in in the Police Court sometimes, and get twelve days, but they don't seem to mind it, and it remains for property holders to regulate the "boys," or take the chances.

We are glad that this literary person remembers "the feeling which he experienced at sea," for it will tell him how his readers feel at sight of his editorials, and how keen their regret must be that he is not still at "Grasshopper," enjoying the amount of "notoriety, glory and patronage" for which he was originally intended.

Few people know that there are hardly twenty genuine Newfoundland dogs in the United States. The name and breed are so popular and familiar that to all but an extremely small minority the assertion will appear absurd. Nevertheless it is strictly correct. The thoroughbred Newfoundland dog has been gradually losing his identity through miscegenation. The secret of his fast approaching extinction not being more easily observed, lies in the fact that after a mixture of breed between a Newfoundland and any other species, more of the form and characteristics of the latter descend to the offspring than occurs in any other instance of interbreeding among dogs. When all good citizens are in bed. We have disorderly and lawless conduct at late hours, about the time when "our boys" get fairly awake. We have occasional burglaries, and an opportunity is never lost for want of a thief to grasp it. "Our boys" all smoke, drink and eat, but they don't work. The freight depots are their points for rendezvous, and they may be seen any night sleeping, smoking or chatting with the Pintos. Should we awake some night to find the depot in a blaze, we should regret that we had done nothing with "our boys." The shameless conduct of Pinto women is well known, and is stimulated and increased by "our boys" and the cheap whiskey which they buy. The boys come in in the Police Court sometimes, and get twelve days, but they don't seem to mind it, and it remains for property holders to regulate the "boys," or take the chances.

LATEST FROM THE SCENE OF THE INDIAN WAR IN IDAHO.—A dispatch from Lewiston, via Walla Walla, dated June 25th, says: We have just received reliable Indian news from Joseph's camp to this effect: All the women, children and property have been moved across Salmon river, thus leaving the men free to operate. It is reported that the Indians intend to raid upon settlements in Wallowa valley.

In the late fight there were seventy Indians engaged, and the casualties were four wounded and one shot through the body perhaps fatally.

News is obtained from reliable Indians who came directly from camp, and is also corroborated by news brought in by whites, that the troops will move early in the morning from the post, commanded by General Howard in person. A. L. Page, with his company of twenty-five volunteers, go with the troops.

We do not hear of any more settlers being massacred, and hope we have heard of the worst. The soldiers lie where they were killed, their bodies being stripped and mutilated.

Father Catold came in this morning from the mission with a Cœur d'Alene chief, to assure General Howard that his people would remain friendly. The excitement is subsiding, and settlers are returning to their homes.

The New York Sun is out with another sensation. It has evolved from its feverish "inwardness" a new plan for seizing upon a portion of Mexico.

Samuel Tilden, which ran for President, and was 7 to 8, will sail for Europe July 18th to see the Old World and keep Grant and Conkling straight.

A Self-Made Man.

We are speaking now of one Ford who becomes prominent twice a week in the *Trucker Republican*, and we call him self-made because his peculiar pattern of idiocy is entirely new and unrecorded in the annals of insanity. During his last inky period this wild pen-holder said, "We all seek notoriety, glory and patronage," and proceeded to seek them by associating his genius with something which had appeared in the Reno GAZETTE. It becomes our duty to assure this aspiring man that an increase of brain is what he needs more than either of the three honors which he has mentioned. He is already notorious for ability as a sheep herder. The glory which he covets is now enjoyed by Cooke, Dan Rice and other jesters who excel our self-made man in literary ability; and in regard to the patronage, the said Ford had better inquire how much he is to receive from the Sierra valley farmers whose interests he is trying to defeat and misrepresent. How much market do you supply for Sierra valley? How many mails do you send them in the winter time? Why are these farmers compelled to come to us with their surplus product? So far from being a rival in the display of mineral wealth, and this seems to be a practical method of securing the display. Let it be tried.

But to return to our self-made man. We are not disposed to discourage him in his search for "notoriety, glory and patronage," but will merely hazard the opinion that he was nearer to all these than herding sheep on the shores of Grasshopper Lake than at present. We are glad that this literary person remembers "the feeling which he experienced at sea," for it will tell him how his readers feel at sight of his editorials, and how keen their regret must be that he is not still at "Grasshopper," enjoying the amount of "notoriety, glory and patronage" for which he was originally intended.

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Beecher has fixed up that Seligman affair. Yes, he preached the difficulty out of sight on Sunday last. He did not say anything remarkably new or clever, but merely gave his opinion and settled the matter. Beecher is a sort of healing salve which is good for scandals, and the application of his cheek has cured more than one severe case.

What is the matter with the San Francisco male? We mean the male whose business it is to put copies of the S. F. Mail into the U. S. mail. We get that paper semi-occasionally, and sometimes not so often. Jack Harrington, alias "Happy Jack," has been fined \$500 for selling liquor in a variety show.

Mint Director Linderman has reached San Francisco. They say he will investigate La Grange.

The Apaches are again cavorting around in Arizona.

SUCCESS OF RUSSIA'S DESIGNS PROBLEMS.

ABLE.—A London telegram of the 23d says: That England anticipates the entire and early success of Russian strategy is conclusively shown by her renewed alarm for her Indian interests and the steps she is taking to protect them. There are some who believe that the ministry are only shamming alarm, while in fact, having a secret understanding with Russia that England is to take her share of the spoils by making a descent on Egypt under pretense of necessity for protecting the Suez canal. If the British corps of observation—publicly understood to be destined for Gallipoli at the north extremity of the Dardanelles—should be diverted to Egypt England could not consistently oppose the Russian seizure of Constantinople. Austria's continued inactivity in these grave complications confirms the general conviction that she has a thorough understanding with both Germany and Russia. France, intensely occupied by her internal affairs, is counted out of the ring, and the other powers evidently concur that the "Sick Man's" death is near, and have arranged substantially how his estate shall be distributed. Among the probable rumors is one that the Sultan had hoped to make peace as soon as Russian successes should sufficiently dispirit his people to enable the government to sustain itself in such treaty. The terms talked of are moderate, embracing the cession of Batoum and part of Armenia, with free passage of the Dardanelles, surrender to Russia of part or all of the Turkish fleet, and the payment of a reasonable indemnity in money in installments. These terms will eventually be obtained by Russia, it is generally believed, since it is apparent that no European combination against her is probable, if possible, and she becomes daily more secure from outside intervention.

The Arizona Sentinel, June 23d, states that the Silver King mine has shipped thirty-two tons of ore per month for over a year, none of which went under \$1,000 per ton. Actual returns of sales in San Francisco averaged \$1,400 per ton, a few selected lots going as high as \$15,000 and \$20,000. The last lot of ten tons sold at \$2 per cent of assay value. There is now en route one selected lot of over 1,000 pounds of a black malleable chloride ore from this mine, estimated to sell at \$8 per pound; also twelve tons of ordinary \$1,400 ore. The accumulation of ore on the dumps had led to the erection of a five-stamp mill which was to start on the 25th instant. The concentrations will be sacked and shipped to San Francisco, as the running of smelting works at present would not pay. The supply of ore on the dumps ranging from \$300 to \$1,000 is large.

The advertisements in a newspaper are read more than the thoughtless imagine. They are the map of a large class of men's capabilities in life. The man who contemplates doing business in a distant town takes up the local paper and in its advertising columns sees a true picture of the man he has to deal with; a complete record of the town, its business, and in almost every case he can estimate the character of the men who are soliciting the public patronage. The advertising page is a map of the town, a record of its municipal character, a business confession of the citizens, and instead of being the opined production of one man, it is freighted with the life thoughts of a hundred.

WANTED LIGHTNING.—A man who said he was an "Injun fighter from the ground up" walked up to the bar in a Main street saloon this morning, and told the bar-keeper to "set out the lightning." The bar-keeper referred the man to the telegraph office. The man said he had never tried it, but it had been the ambition of his life to lick a bar-keeper; but when the tumbler-slinger reached under the bar and took out two whistler six-shooters and a club, the Indian fighter said he did not mean a polite, gentlemanly bar-keeper, but one of those fellows who wore paste diamonds and parted their hair in the middle. His apology was considered sufficient.—R. R. Recelle.

20,000 people, who lost their homes by the fire at St. John, New Brunswick, are being fed from the relief stores donated by other cities.

Buffalo Bill is in Virginia City attracting much attention. When he plays faro he plays with Buffalo chips.

England says she will not allow even a temporary occupation of Constantinople by the Russians.

News Jottings.

Seligman and Hilton are still talking to newspaper men.

G. W. Welles, of Mississippi, will be Counsul-General to China.

Virginia City preachers will now sail into Robt Ingerson's doctrees.

Frank Offath, late Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Engineers, is a defaulter.

The Idaho Avalanche wants to send the Chinamen out against the hostile red men.

The importance of Russia's movements is beginning to be fully realized in England.

The report of the Silver Commission will favor the double standard and the remonetization of silver.

Six thousand Russians crossed the Danube at Galatz Friday and took the heights near Matchin, the capture of which place is imminent.

A destructive tornado in St. Joseph, Missouri, June 25th, unroofed hotels and public buildings and injured several persons slightly.

Oakey Hall has again vanished into thin air, and they are anxious about him. He's not in Reno, and that's as much information as we can give for nothing.

The tax on wine and brandy in Santa Clara county, California, this year is \$64,185, and of this amount \$44,560 is charged to Gen. H. M. Nagle for brandy.

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## LOCAL AFFAIRS.

### Terrible Explosion.

Two Chinamen Killed by the Explosion of Nitro-Glycerine at the Vulcan Powder Works.

A few minutes past 9 last Monday morning all Reno was aroused by a loud report and the shaking of the windows and other parts of the public and private buildings in town. In a few minutes the streets were lined with persons. Smoke was seen ascending from the Vulcan Powder Works, located about one mile below town on the river bank, and all then knew that an explosion at the above works had occurred. Great crowds of men flocked to the scene of devastation, all fearing that some accident fatal to one or more of the employees had occurred.

On arriving at the spot we found that the grinding and mixing house had been blown to the four winds. One Chinaman named Ah Chew had been horribly mangled and had been thrown a distance of about 12 feet from where the building stood. The poor fellow never knew what hurt him. Another Chinaman named Ah Low, but generally called "Old John," had just been removed from the ruins and lay upon the bank just alive and suffering great pain. His wounds were terrible. All parts of his body were injured, yet he lay there talking to some of his Chinese friends about his blankets. Mr. Sanders at once took him to Chinatown, where he died in a few minutes time, having died one hour after the accident. A third Chinaman, who usually works in the mixing house, happened at the time to be in a building about 100 feet distant, where the nitric acid and glycerine are kept, and where these explosive compounds are mixed to form that terribly dangerous compound—nitro-glycerine. Mr. H. W. Minugh, foreman of the works, had just taken over about thirty pounds of nitro-glycerine to the mixing house, and had not been at the glycerine room over a minute and a half when the explosion occurred. He was standing with his back to the building, and although distant not more than 100 feet, he scarcely felt the sudden concussion of the air. The explosion seems not to have been equal in all directions, but mainly in a semi-circle; the principal explosive force being exerted to the north, west and south. Hence the greater loudness and severity of the shock felt by the citizens of Reno than to those even at a less distance but oppositely situated. B. A. Oleson, a Swede, was working in the glycerine room but scarcely felt the shock. Mr. J. B. Cooper, who delivers the Vulcan powder in town, had just returned with his express wagon and had passed the mixing room only some 50 feet at the time of the explosion. He was to the east of the building, however, and thus escaped.

One of the remarkable features of the blow up was the fineness of the scattered fragments of the building. Splinters were lying thick and for a considerable distance in the semi-circle spoken of.

There are several theories as to how the explosion was occasioned, but, as in all powder mill accidents, no one can exactly tell how it did originate. One theory given was that Old John, while heating the potassium nitrate to free it from water before grinding, so that it should absorb a proper quantity of the nitro-glycerine, attempted to break up the larger masses or chunks with the view of facilitating the fusion of the mass, and that in doing so a piece of the hot potassium was thrown from the kettle into the uncovered pitcher which contained the terribly explosive agent. Had he let the pitcher fall on any hard substance, or had a piece of iron or a stone dropped into the porcelain pitcher, the same result would have transpired. Some have thought that the explosion may have been occasioned by the grinding of the potassium nitrate, which Ah Chew was engaged in doing at the time of the accident. This could not be, because potassium nitrate is not an explosive compound. Glycerine, which is obtained by the action of alkalies on natural fats, is perfectly explosive. The nitric acid used contains some sulphuric acid, but their union simply make a very strong acid. But when the three are united they form nitro-

glycerine, a heavy, oily liquid of a highly explosive character.

As it happened, Messrs. Warren & Yates, owners and proprietors of the powder works, were both absent, Mr. Warren in Gold Hill, and Mr. Yates in Eureka. Had the explosion taken place at the glycerine quarters, the consequences might have been much worse for Reno. These works are a mile too near town. The damage has been estimated at about \$250.

**FIRE AT LEE'S STABLE.**—About 12 o'clock Tuesday the old fire bell again called out the boys, the occasion being a fine fire prospect in the alley back of L. W. Lee's corral and feed stalls. Some one in passing had either dropped a cigar stump or lit with a match some hay back of one of Lee's feed stalls. The flames soon shot up from the burning hay and burned the planks forming the back of the stall, covering a space ten feet long and five or six feet high. Lee discovered the fire and put it out on the inside, while Webster and several other parties freely applied water from the outside. The fire was thus happily extinguished before the firemen arrived on the grounds. A minute or two more with the high wind blowing at the time and a very serious fire would necessarily have occurred. A few thought that the fire originated from ashes thrown into the alley, but a closer examination and the contrary statements of reliable parties show that the fire could not have originated from this source. Many suppose that the hay was set on fire by tramps who sought an opportunity to commit larceny.

**PUBLIC SCHOOLS.**—The annual examination of the pupils of the public school was held this week. Principal Ring Monday examined his classes in grammar and orthography. On Tuesday the same classes were examined in arithmetic. Mr. Ring says that the attendance is far less than it should be, many of the scholars remaining out of school because of the examination. This practice of deserting a teacher at the close of the school year is prevented in many cities by a provision in the school law to the effect that such absentees, without a most valid excuse and the successful passing of the examination at the opening of the ensuing term, will not be permitted to re-enter their classes. Parents should not permit their children to be absent during the closing examination.

**TEMPERANCE MEETING.**—The fourth union meeting of the temperance folks was held Monday evening at the Baptist Church. We are not informed who the speakers were, but presume that the addresses were both interesting and instructive. The temperance question is an old one, yet is of vastly more importance than the other questions of national interest. The ravages of intemperance are felt on every hand. King Alcohol prepares gins for all classes and ages. His cause never grows old. Neither should that of humanity. Therefore, let our temperance friends never grow lukewarm in the great cause of human salvation because the subject is a hackneyed one and the foe interposes wily obstacles in their path.

**BOYS IN BLUE.**—Company D. U. S. 1st Cavalry, numbering 58 men and three commissioned officers, passed through Reno, on a special train, Saturday evening. They go to Winnemucca, and after being joined by four more companies, will march to Boise City, Idaho. The Indians had better keep clear of Uncle Sam's boys.

**OFFICERS ELECTED.**—Reno Encampment No. 5 held its regular meeting last Monday evening, and elected the officers to serve for the ensuing term: C. H. Stoddard, C. P.; J. S. Bowker, H. P.; A. C. McFarlin, S. W.; T. C. Updike, J. W.; J. S. Gilson, Scribe; C. W. Jones, Treasurer; J. H. Borland, A. C. McFarlin and I. Frederick, Trustees.

**W. R. Anglemyer**, of Franktown, dropped in on us Wednesday. He gives a good report of this section of the country. The farmers are preparing to cut a large crop of hay, fruit looks well, and Franktown can complain of very few idle men. Anglemyer's school closed Thursday week for a two weeks' vacation.

**Fires and accidents are in vogue.** As a certain barrister said to us, "there's a perfect holly caust."

Mr. Circe and partner are fixing up the old house adjoining the Centennial Restaurant for a lodging house.

### Squibs.

Half-inch washers are very scarce. The nights are cool. Nitro-glycerine is not regarded as a substance to be loosely handled. Silver beyond \$5 is not received at par at the C. P. R. R. freight office. Reno has a large population at fires and explosions. Boot-blacks and Indians will fight. Lovely moonlight nights; consequence a number of gates out of repair. General J. R. Kittrill passed East Saturday night. He goes to prosecute several murder cases in the Eastern part of the State. The Fourth of July celebration at Reno fails to develop strength. Those who attended the Pioneers' picnic complain of having a glorious time. They say, however, that the attendance was not so large as it was last year. Tony Pastor's troupe will be in Reno next Sunday evening. Sam Brown, late owner of the English Mill, has just returned from London. He looks well and reports a pleasant visit to the world's metropolis. Dick Smith's owl has taken up its residence at the home of W. Getchel. Smith says it looked too much like Boss Tweed, and made such a hideous noise that his birds all rebelled and demanded its removal. Getchel quieted the monster by heavy doses of tough beef. Fruit, grain and hay look well throughout the county. The Granger House has taken on an awning on the west and south sides. Drunks are not very plentiful of late. Reno citizens now go well dressed, and any man who goes shabbily dressed should be introduced to a few days' labor and then to our clothers.

**FUN FOR THE BOYS.**—Saturday evening Charley Short and another young man were amusing themselves by chasing and lassoing the Indians about Earl's depot. At first they were satisfied with plaguing the mahalas only, but the sport soon becoming tame, Charley thought to make it livelier by tossing the noose over a manly buck who was standing near, and dragged him from the platform to the ground. This shock was too great for the dignity of the noble red and he immediately "went for" Charley in a manner which plainly showed that he meant business. Charley, urged on by the cheers and shouts of an excited crowd who had gathered about the combatants, stood his ground for some time but would have got the worst of the sport had not officer Avery interfered and arrested him. He was taken before Justice Richardson and charged with wilfully disturbing the peace, and, in default of \$50 bail, was taken over to Sheriff Lamb's private boarding-house, but was soon after released. W. J. Morris was arrested at the same time, but was also released.

**BUY A TICKET.**—Getchel and Hartley called on our business men and property holders Tuesday for the purpose of raising money to buy more hose for "old 48." They met with good success. It is proposed to give a Fourth of July ball for the same purpose; indeed, most of the money was subscribed for ball tickets. It is probable, however, that the ball will not be given before the 10th proximo, as there are several other entertainments which would prevent many from attending the party on the night of the Fourth.

The hose when received will belong to the town, but will be under the control of the firemen of 48. Whenever the engine permanently leaves town, the hose will pass into the hands of the fire department. It is proper that the citizens should buy the above fire hose, since the C. P. R. R. have all they require for their own protection.

**W. F. Berry**, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Summit House, 28 miles from Reno, proposes to have a little Fourth of July celebration of his own. On the Fourth Berry will give several races, and in the evening a grand ball. The ride to the Summit is a pleasant one, and when one gets there, Berry knows how to treat him.

**The C. P. R. R.** pay car dropped into Reno Wednesday and paid off the railroad boys for the past two months—all in silver. Kind Company, this. Our citizens cannot pay the Company \$6 in silver, but it can keep its employees' wages for two months and then pay them off in silver.

**WELLMAN'S ISLAND.**—Mr. C. W. Wellman informs that he is now fitting up his island about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles west of town, clearing the grove and putting the premises in order for picnickers. The grounds will be ready for use on and after July 4th. Take notice, merry-makers.

### The Fire.

#### Buildings Destroyed—Loss—Origin of the Fire—Etc.

About three o'clock last Tuesday morning when all were asleep save a few tramps, and after the wind had died away and everything was quiet, the work of the incendiary illuminated the town, and called most of our citizens to a conflagration larger than what Reno has had for many months. The flames had gained considerable headway before the alarm was sounded. Old 48 puffed and snorted, but when its hose were drawn they were soon too short by 50 to 100 feet. Next came the hand engine, drawn by a few men, every one having gone to the fire and seemingly forgotten that a fire engine was necessary to check or extinguish a large fire. It was soon at work, however, and for a time did good service. After the fire had burned nearly half an hour, down the street came the steamer, drawn by one horse, while S. M. Jamison and one or two others held up its tongue. She was soon in position, Charley Courtou took her stand, and away went the fire-eating stream. Orders came from several quarters; goods were hurriedly moved, some probably going yet as far as their owners know; mistakes were abundant, although many deserve special credit for the excellent service which they promptly rendered. Whilst the fire was greedily devouring the wooden buildings, Mrs. Thos. E. Haydon was setting a most courageous example to the men by her successful efforts to save her husband's law books and office property. Receiving a severe burn on her left forearm, yet she let it care for itself, and quickly and with cool precision continued her heroic labors until she had accomplished all that was in her power. McFarlin was wherever he thought he could do the most good, and did good work, even if he did commit a few mistakes and was considerably excited.

Robert Ingals by a most timely exertion saved the fire from spreading to the southwest among several frame buildings. Getchel, Hammersmith and a number of others, including Billy Hamilton, deserve special mention. Hamilton closed the iron shutters to the second story windows in the west end of the Odd Fellows' building when the heat was so intense that his hat took fire.

A number of reliable persons say that the fire unquestionably originated in an old frame house which was owned by M. C. Lake and situated in the alley back of the Odd Fellows' building and to the south of Sanders & Co.'s workshop. Several tramps had been in this old building late in the evening and two had been driven out of it about midnight by the night-watch, Wm. Ross. Geo. Avery had also driven a fellow about the same time out of McClellan's barn, which is in the same alley. The supposition is that one or more of the chaps went back to the house and set it on fire with the view of plunder and for spite work.

#### BUILDINGS DESTROYED.

The old building alluded to and Sanders & Co.'s workshop and dead house, the three facing on the alley. Just back of these and facing on Virginia street, the law office of W. L. Knox, unoccupied building adjoining the property of M. C. Lake, Attorneys Haydon and Cain's office, and half of A. J. Clark's tenement house. The roof of the Journal office was destroyed and slight damage was done to windows, casings, water pipes, etc. on the southeast corner of the Odd Fellows' building. There was also small losses sustained by several parties who moved furniture, etc., from buildings not injured by the fire, and from whom the light fingered took what they could.

#### THE LOSSES

are estimated as follows: Saunders & Co., buildings and contents, \$1,200; M. C. Lake, \$600; C. C. Powning, \$200; Odd Fellows' building, \$100; W. L. Knox, \$350; Thos. E. Haydon, \$800; A. J. Clark, \$700; smaller losses, \$300. Total, about \$4,200.

The Odd Fellows' building is the only one which was insured.

Wm. Lee, (colored) who lived in A. J. Clark's second tenement, had stolen from him two silver watches, his wife's watch-chain, ear rings and breastpin which, with the other losses sustained, would aggregate about \$130.

District Attorney Cain had a gold

watch and chain stolen, valued at \$120.

Had the wind been blowing at the time of the fire as it has been to-day but few buildings would have been left in the space inclosed by the alley, the river, Second and Center streets.

The fire Tuesday most plainly indicated the need of more systematic action on the part of those who manage the Fire Department; also that the Department has need of a good Hook and Ladder Company, more hose and a few more cisterns.

**EAST BROOKLYN.**—On Wednesday the work of sinking the shaft of the Emma (now called East Brooklyn) mine was resumed. The shaft is down 204 feet and will be carried down at the rate of two feet per day. The workmen have struck an eight-inch vein of very rich ore at the bottom of the shaft, which is probably a feeder to the main ledge, which is nearly 200 feet to the north. Last Tuesday morning the company received a Nobles No. 3 steam pump. It was taken at once to the mine and placed in position. During the past week the mine has been shut down in order that some repairs should be made to the furnace, resetting the boiler, etc. When the shaft is carried down to the depth of 250 feet a drift will then be run to the main ledge, which at the 150-foot level is over six feet wide.

The foreman and engineer, Mr. Dixon, says that by the main ledge the drift will probably be 300 feet long, unless, as these present indications prove, the ledge which now dips at an angle of about 45 degrees to the northwest changes its course somewhat and becomes more nearly perpendicular, or inclines to the east. A new Niagara plunge pump has been placed below the 150-foot level. The little beauty works to a charm, and sends a 2½-inch stream spinning out of the double compartment shaft. There are 18 men at work in and about the mine. This mine is pronounced a good one by competent judges.

**FOUND WHAT HE WASN'T LOOKING FOR.**—Tuesday morning, shortly after the alarm of fire was given, and while people were engaged in carrying out property from the burning buildings, a bystander observed some men carrying what seemed to him to be a very curious parcel. After being taken out of reach of the flames the mysterious bundle was lowered to the ground, and the men went back to get other things out of the building. The aforesaid bystander then approached the bundle very cautiously, and stooping down he raised a portion of the blanket covering and as he did so the light from the fire fell directly upon the ghastly forms of two dead men. Uttering an exclamation of horror, he dropped the covering and jumped back in a very frightened manner, much to the amusement of two or three witnesses who knew what the bundle contained. The dead bodies were those of the two Chinamen who were killed at the powder works yesterday morning, and were carried out of Sanders & Co.'s morgue, where they were lying waiting interment. Moral—never pry into packages or bundles at a fire, as you may find something you are not looking for.

**OBITUARY.**—Last Tuesday at 10 p. m. Luella, beloved wife of L. H. Martin, passed away to the silent, unseen host beyond. The young couple had but just joined hand and heart, to face the world together; the one with woman's smile and affection to cheer, the other with honest hands and firm resolve to win fortune and home. And now, as the struggle bravely begun looks out upon success, as the new hearth is warmed and the harvest is near, lo! the husband stands alone, and she who was wife and strength to him lies white and still in death. A few flowers about her bier to tell of love which clings to her, a few tears upon the wan, upturned face, a few earnest words said in consolation, and then the earth shall receive what it gave. This is the end. Yesterday yonder cottage held two hopeful lives; to-day one is taken and the other plunged in grief. This old, old, old fashion—Death—and we are neither told when nor where. The world goes on without us, and those only who loved will keep our memories green.

An Italian named Giuseppe Marchet was instantly killed by a falling tree at Mackey & Fair's camp, last Sunday morning.

Haying has commenced. The mower ratteth, the harvest hand perspireth, and the new-mown hay streweth the ground.

**JUSTICE'S COURT.**—James Sullivan and Martin Sarfield got on a glorious drunk and disturbed the peace of Reno Tuesday evening. Justice R. informed them that his reproof for such conduct was eight days each in the county jail.

Jno. Flynn, who was taken out of the old house where the fire originated, Tuesday morning, and placed in the jug, that evening spoke his little speech to the Justice, but his apology was not accepted and 16 days was booked against his name, the county "standing in" for the expense.

Wm. Price, (colored) a stranger in these parts, next answered. Price was mildly asked what he had to say about his unsuccessful attempt to get away on the night of the fire with the contents of Mrs. Peacock's chest. "Well, what I had when the officers collared me was a silk dress and a pair of shoes. I intended to remove them to a place of safety." Then the Justice set down several figures, and with judicial gravity pronounced sentence: "Mr. Price, you are a stranger here; the goods in your possession and those you were about to possess yourself of were in a place of safety at the time, and the articles in your possession were worth about \$12, and in the unlawful stealing of them you have committed petit larceny, and I, wishing to put down the practice of robbing at fires when the owners backs are turned and they are endeavoring to save their own property and that of others, do fine you \$24 or twelve days in the county jail. (Price shed not a tear.) You will have good board. I don't like to inflict heavy sentences, but the law compels me to place you in Sheriff Lamb's hands for nearly two weeks." Said Price, "Thank you, Judge, for your light sentence, and I assure you that your apology is accepted. I don't feel hurt at all, Judge." The above conversation did not occur, but it develops the status of the case, and very slightly exaggerates the extreme mildness of the trial. A man who commits a robbery at a fire should be punished. Price claimed the goods to Mrs. Peacock. He was caught with part of the contents of the chest in his possession, and was looking for other valuables which were in the box. There has never been a fire in Reno but what something was stolen. During the fire of Monday night Wm. Cain lost his watch, Lee lost two watches and other jewelry, Sanders & Co. had nearly all their tools stolen, and Mrs. Peacock, just by accident, discovered this scoundrel rifling a chest which contained a quantity of things of considerable value. The proof against him was as strong as it could be. He was caught in the act, and should have been sent to the county jail at least six months. Had some men caught him, the Coroner would have had a job next morning. Justice Richardson means well, but is too cautious and altogether too easy in his sentences.

A Que, the keeper of an opium den, was called Wednesday to answer to the misdemeanor of selling opium and keeping a house in which others smoke opium. Que plead guilty, and was fined \$50 or 25 days across the river. The law which the celestial violated was passed last February. The law makes it a misdemeanor for "any person or persons as principals or agents, to sell, give away, or otherwise dispose of any opium in this State, except druggists and apothecaries," who could do so only "on the prescriptions of legally practicing physicians." The law also includes those "who shall keep a house or room for the purpose of indulging in the use of opium, either by smoking or otherwise." The fine may be \$500 or six months imprisonment, or both, such fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the Court. Que got off a little light.

**A GOOD EXAMPLE.**—Wednesday last a young miss entered our den, and laying a tray before us presented its contents with the compliments of Mrs. T. E. Haydon. The tray was well loaded with prime Nevada strawberries, and a dainty little pitcher of cream stood by, looking "sweet" upon the fruit. We dropped all outside business and attended to the tray promptly, and now resuming, with a feeling of gratitude we assure the donor that her strawberry patch is certainly the finest in any State, and the cream patch can scarcely be excelled. The conduct of this estimable lady towards the printer will, we hope, find in my illustrious imitators.

## Editorial and Local Matters.

### Fire Matters.

#### The "Vote Catcher."

A new Jason has arisen, in the person of the politician who runs the Eureka *Sentinel*. After a shameless course in the Senate of this State, he waits only to catch breath before adopting our suggestion, and attempting to verify his political equation. He has now begun, as we predicted, to search for a Golden Fleece, for a justification of his political perfidy. He who stood on the Senate floor and insulted every man who gave him a vote, now seeks to palliate his conduct by insulting their intelligence. The man who said his promises were made to "catch votes," now offers in extenuation to prove perfidy on the part of others. He carried things with a high hand while enjoying public confidence. So did Tweed. He betrayed that confidence when he knew he was doing wrong. So did Tweed. And now, when they are both to be cast aside into oblivion, where they belong, two tiny wails are heard, and they both offer to implicate others in their recreant acts. Tweed's petition has been denied, and when his illustrious western imitator comes again to the polls he will find his name synonymous with defeat, in any connection where it may be placed.

How was it, Mr. *Sentinel*, that Senator Baker, of your own county, a man who is in all essential particulars your mental superior, adopted a course which is unquestioned for honesty and fidelity to his promises, whereas you chose a line of duty which seems to you to need an apology? Was there any wages for fidelity upon Mr. Baker's side, beyond the public respect and confidence? Certainly not; and this twaddle about letting "no guilty man escape" is only a hue and cry raised in the wrong direction, to cover the flight of Ali Baba himself, who carries the swag.

The *Sentinel* goes on to say that Washoe's Senators would have stayed with the compromise if the Prison bill had been assured of success. The "vote catcher" knows that we could have secured one dozen prisons by changing our votes when the fight was hottest. The "immense petition from Washoe" of which the *Sentinel* speaks, never had an existence, and during a long search among the twenty signers of the famous abolition document, we have never been able to find one who positively favored the compromise. Nor was the petition worded in that way, else it would not have received ten signatures.

It is hardly time yet to begin in earnest the work of unmasking the demagogues. They will be better able to stand it after the dog days. It will then be time enough to explain how it came to be rumored that the *GAZETTE* was "soured" because bonanza money was not forthcoming to pay for its new power press.

There was never, certainly, a better time than the dog days for demagogues to slander honest men, and we can stand our share right now.

We defy you, Mr. *Sentinel*, to show how the rumor spoken of started, except in your sanctum, and you may wager your reputation as a political trickster, that the father of such a rumor lied. Our course upon the tax question was clearly defined, even before you espoused the White Pine War claims. If "Bob" Clarke writes *feelie* editorials, what adjective would you apply to your own productions? It matters not, however, whether you dub them "pithy," or "Herculean," but rest assured that the editorials which seem to pursue you, were not written by Mr. Clarke or any other man not connected with this journal.

And now, in conclusion, it is always our custom to make recommendations in severe cases. If you are surprised with facts regarding this question, let them out. Your political system being quite full of "compromise" and the corruption which surrounded it, a retention may seriously injure you. If there was corruption, expose it; but do not slander because you hate. Don't spend any time in showing why the Compromise was defeated; we all know that—because it was untrue, unjust, wrong, and against the will of the people. But if you can give any reason for the extraordinary conduct of those who favored the bill, do so, by all means; that's what we want. Meanwhile, don't take to yourself any great concern for Washoe county on the *RENO GAZETTE*. We lived while the White Pine Indian war was raging, and humbly hope we may survive the displeasure of Eureka's *Sentinel*.

### The President.

In Providence, R. I., President Hayes lately said:

All the people of the United States know something of the little State of Rhode Island; something of its past, something of what it is. I am sure you will understand me when I say this welcome and this reception are very gratifying to me, not that I understand it to be on personal account, but because Rhode Island believes, as I do, in one of the great sentiments of New England's great statesman and orator, which I was reminded of at the ancient town of Attleboro. An old citizen of that town handed me a note in which he said that the reason the people of Attleboro turned out to give me a hearty greeting was that the people believed in the sentiment I have alluded to of Webster, a sentiment which I am sure you will agree with, and one that the government of the United States should not forget, and should always remember. It is, "We have one country, one constitution, one destiny."

Amidst all the talk of Dolly Van den and "tootsy-pootsy," it is pleasant to know that New England, whose sons worshipped Daniel Webster as the defender of the constitution and a united country, is now with ancient warmth and hospitality giving hearty welcome to President Hayes. These people, who cling most closely to our traditions and the principles enunciated by the founders of the Republic and makers of the constitution, seem to find something congenial in the course of Hayes. Old men who revere the memories of Hancock, Samuel Adams, Otis and their followers, seem to recall the ancient enthusiasm and integrity while contemplating the efforts of Hayes to give us once more a united country and a common faith. The men who have been esteemed worthy by the nation, our literary lights, those whose ability and discernment have been unquestioned, all seem to endorse the President's course. They take him by the hand cordially, and, with admiration for his bravery, tender him the strength of popular approval in the pursuit of his course.

And now, when we turn from Hayes and his friends to Ben Wade & Co., what shall we conclude? That a few men in their love of power have forgotten that the Union is one and inseparable; that certain political usurers and parasites must be driven into honest toil; and that Hayes, with brave and consistent effort, must sustain Webster's declaration, that we have "One country, one constitution and one destiny."

### Indian Religion.

Joseph is a war chief and as brave as a lion. He is a "wild Indian," and scorns to become civilized. He is a follower of Imohalla, the "Dreamer," who is a sort of Indian Mahomet, and his brief but alarmingly comprehensive doctrine is founded upon the Bible record of Gideon and his chosen band of 300 to redeem his whole people from the Midianites—whites. Imohalla despises the peaceful Nez Perces. He does not speak their dialect. He does not allow them to know him. He is a Walla Walla of the Priest's Rapids tribe, and refuses to associate or have communication with civilized Indians, with any one who have dealings and friendship for the whites. His doctrine is a destroying one—to exterminate the palefaces and to return the whole country to the Indians. He has a most inspiring manner, and has thousands of followers on this and the other side of the mountains.—*Elko Independent*.

The report of the committee appointed to attend a meeting of the Directors of said Company in San Francisco, was received, and the committee discharged. The following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That all transactions made at former meeting of this committee, as well as all business done under the management and control of said committee, is hereby declared null and void, so far as the liabilities of any subscribers to the capital stock of the Fruit and Meat Shipping Company are concerned.—*Silver State*, June 28.

What does this mean? We hope that it does not indicate the abandoning of an enterprise which has promised so much. The *Silver State* gives no further particulars in regard to the matter, and it is to be hoped that satisfactory explanations may follow.

EUROPE.—The news from Europe is of the most contradictory character. The Russians have crossed the Danube without difficulty, and still no forward movement of consequence is reported. The bombardment of Kars and Rustchuk is still kept up by the Russians. The Turks hold their own in Asia.

Bob Ingersoll says that baptism when taken with soap is a very good thing. Robert is original, or nothing.

### The Indian War.

From all accounts the uprising of the Nez Perce Indians, in Idaho, promises to assume formidable proportions. The scene of conflict is at present confined to the Salmon River country, although hostile bands of Indians are reported in other regions. The first intimation of war was given by the smoke of burning cabins and the cries for help which came from the frontier. The handful of soldiers who are supported by the Government for the protection of these people will arrive in time to bury them, and then feast and fresh treaty will be in order. Scenes similar to those which ended in the Custer massacre may ensue; a few skirmishes with even chances for the red skins may be necessary before he tires of the sport or succeeds in making the Government realize his importance. But when the grass gets short Lo will come in and capitulate, indulge in a fandango, be presented with Governmental apologies, and rest and recuperate himself for more invigorating sport in the future. Now we protest that this is all wrong. The murder of sixty settlers can not be atoned by a red man's promise of future peace. We have learned that might is right with the Indian; his cruelty is only limited by the supply of his ammunition, and to make promises is his last resort in warfare. The Sioux war of last year commenced in the same manner, by bloodshed and cruelty. Our army was put in motion, its advance guard were slaughtered, the bodies were buried, and huge caravans of overcoats, blankets and "gold lace" were forwarded to the butchers. The people were delighted over the rumor that the Indians were pleased with the presents, and there was stopped. This policy will, of course, finally do away with the Indian question, for at least one red man dies in each war; but to our judgment the life of Custer was worth more than all the Indians which we own, and we submit that the process is slow and unprofitable.

There are two ways to deal with wild beasts; one is to cage and feed them, and the other is to exterminate them. Our present policy bears the name of peace but means ultimate extermination. How many more names shall we add to the list which is headed by Canby and Custer?

### The Glorious Fourth.

Fire-cracker day cometh on apace, and the young American will now clean out his two-dollar cannon and prepare for accidents.

Arrangements for the picnic at Bowers' Mansion have been perfected. Tickets good for the round trip, \$2.00. The public are generally invited.

There will be no session of the Stock Boards after to-day, until the 4th has been disposed of.

The plucky miners of Pyramid will uncover a bonanza of enjoyment on the 4th. Barbecue, bon fires, etc. The celebration will be managed by General Rejoicing.

Charles Dido, the journalist, who has taken Foot & Walker's line from Ogden to Sacramento, will spend a few hours in Reno on the 4th.

The Sunday schools will unite in merrymaking on Wellman's island.

Some talk of a visit to Virginia City.

The Wadsworthians have not signed

PICNIC AT BOWERS' MANSION.—The picnic to Bowers' Mansion is an assured fact. On the morning of the 4th a chartered train leaves Reno for that lively spot. The Committee of arrangements are: James Borland, Peter Evans and Richard Smith. Tickets for the round trip, \$2. They may be obtained of any member of the committee or at the Postoffice, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s and at D. A. Bender & Co.'s Bank. A very pleasant time is anticipated. Engage your partner and prepare for a gala picnic at the Bowers.

THE FIRST.—We have the pleasure of announcing that the Agricultural Society's cabinet, in which the *Gazette* takes much interest, has at least one specimen, and a fine one too. Mr. Frank Bell, who has just returned from the eastern part of our State, brought with him a fine specimen from the Grand Prize mine, Tuscarora district, which he presents to the Society. This is the first, and commanding Mr. Bell's example, we hope he may find 100,000 followers. Who's next?

JUSTICE COURT.—The four young fellows who Wednesday night broke into a passenger car belonging to the C. P. R. R., for the purpose of enjoying a comfortable sleep, appeared before Justice R. on Thursday and were questioned as to their loose conduct; in fact they were accused of vagrancy. The J. Doe crowd were unable to give very satisfactory answers, and in consequence were marched to the county brick, where free accommodations will be furnished them for 20 days.

A Que, being unable to produce \$50, took a little stroll across the river, where he will remain under Lamb's supervision for 25 days. He attributes it all to keeping an opium den.

Mrs. Lizzie Redman, alias the Boss of the hurdy gurdy house, was kindly escorted into the presence of the aforesaid J. P., and permitted to listen to the following complaint: Mrs. Redman, you stand accused of being disorderly and disturbing the peace. Your conduct is reprehensible, and unbecoming. What have you to say of the charge? The prisoner pleaded guilty, and was fined \$40, which she paid and was discharged from custody.

48'S BALL.—Messrs. Getchell and Harley are working for the ball to be given July 4th, and the citizens are responding liberally. The amount of receipts will probably reach \$500, which is certainly a good result. We hope that the members of 48 will expend the money wisely and thus increase the efficiency of our fire department. It has been suggested that 2½ hose should be purchased because in can be used by 48 and our department also; whereas if 2½ hose be bought, it can be used only by 48. The latter size is not strong enough to carry the steamers stream, nor will it join with our couplings or nozzles. Whereas 48 has a coupling by which she can join her 2½ with the new 2½ hose if necessary, and the latter will match the hose now in use by the steamer and hand engine. The suggestion is plain and should by all means be adopted, for in case 48 should leave town the 2½ hose would be worthless to our firemen.

VERDI'S PICNIC.—Merrill says that his park will be put in the best condition for the Fourth. Good music will be furnished for the evening party and everything which can contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of those who are so fortunate as to go to this beautiful summer resort will be furnished by Mr. Merrill. The dancing hall is a large one and the floor is one of the best in the county. Verdi is a pleasant village and her people are warm hearted and social. They mean to have a splendid time on the Fourth, and invite their friends to join their festivities. Merrill can't help it, he will not be otherwise than jolly, and of course makes those about him feel happy even in spite of themselves. The picnic at Merrill's park will be a "good 'un."

WINE HOUSE.—Adam Kleser, whom our amateur "cueists" will remember as manager of Chielovich's billiard parlor during last winter, has returned to his post. Kleser has, during his absence, visited Oregon and Washington Territory as agent for P. Liesenfeld, billiard manufacturer. He now resumes his charge at the Wine House and informs us of several contemplated improvements. A new set of "vivries" will be supplied, the cushions are to be recovered, and in a short time the tables will be thoroughly overhauled and reclothed. The Wine House will keep up with the fashion, and Kleser is the best billiardist in the State.

GLENDALE PICNIC.—Messrs. Martin & Dean, proprietors of the Glendale House, live in a place too much favored by nature and too near Reno to allow such a day as July 4th to pass unnoticed. They have excellent picnic grounds, and propose to give their friends an opportunity to pass the great natal day in a manner most agreeable to themselves. Gather up your lunch basket on the morning of the 4th and skip down to Glendale with your friends, where you can have a day of undisturbed pleasure.

PERSONAL.—Frank, surnamed Tuley, is in the metropolis, and thinks he is rich. Wouldn't wonder if Tuley was right.

J. E. Jones is also in from Pyramid.

Bridges, Johnson, Palmer, Muran, Hepperly and other Pyramiders are in sight.

### Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real property have been recorded since June 15th:

C. A. Richardson to Marshal Hawcroft, lot 14, in block 4; Richardson's survey, in Western Addition. Consideration, \$300.

M. Luckes to John Boyd, lot 7 in block J for \$230.

D. H. Haskell to P. Hogan, lot 6, in block O, for \$1,200.

Annie E. Williams and husband to J. C. Hagerman, north 100 feet of lot 5 and east 25 feet of lot 4 in block 6, Western Addition, for \$1,200.

L. D. Wickes to A. M. Wickes, 620 acres timber land near State line, for \$3,400. Also 320 acres in same vicinity for \$3,200.

L. Giovochio to D. Barcaglione, 1/6 interest in the Marysville ranch, in the Meadows, \$600.

L. Giovochio to A. Ghilieri, 1/6 interest in the Marysville ranch, for \$600.

H. M. Yerrington to Pacific Wood, Lumber and Flume Co., 1160 acres of wood land, for \$5,731.

Chas. Crocker to A. J. Bunting, fractional lots 7 and 8, in block C, for \$125.

A. J. Bunting to Mrs. Sarah Abber, lots 7 and 8, in block C, for \$300.

### RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS.

J. H. Borland, Secretary N. S. A. M. & M. Society, has shown us letters of instruction to agents from J. C. Stubbs,

General Freight Agent C. P. R. R., and D. A. Bender, General Freight Agent V. & T. R. R. The former

Company will carry articles destined

for exhibition from points within the State and return free of charge.

Upon articles coming from California,

regular rates will be collected only one way.

Returning, the Secretary's certificate that the articles have not changed hands, will pass them free of charge.

The V. & T. R. R. will also trans-

port articles destined for exhibition to and from Reno free of charge, pro-

vided the articles do not change hands during Fair time.

### CORRECT.

Thursday afternoon we

mentioned the fact that our Fire De-

partment was without fuel. Friday

morning we inspected again and found

several sacks of coal at the engine

house, and caught L. W. Lee in the

act of unloading some pitch wood.

There is still a little sperm oil lacking,

and if we see or hear of any gro-

ceryman carrying sperm oil into that

engine house, we shall publish him.

The fact that only 15 active mem-

bers are enrolled will be the next point

towards which we invite public consid-

eration.

### PEAVINE.

Peavine labors under a strike. A rich body of ore has been discovered in the south end of the 150 foot cross-cut in the Paymaster mine.

A week or two more and Peavine will

tell a good story. The want of money

and the abundance of bad manage-

ment has kept the Peavine mines in

the background. The future for this

district is brightening. It is a clearly

established fact that there is abund-

ance of paying ore there; but the

present mine owners have too small a

pocket to push forward developments.

### ROBBERY.

## RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

### Reno.

An occasional communicant of the Sacramento Bee has the following good words to say of us. The writer gets distances slightly mixed, and substitutes the Carson river for its superior, the Truckee, but he means well, as the reader will see:

"Your correspondent started on a flying trip a short time since on the lightning express, and found himself in Reno for breakfast, where after partaking of a hearty meal with a full sized landlord familiarly called 'Dave' by his friends, I was invited to 'do' the coming city of Nevada, before leaving for the Springs. So my friend ordered up his team and we started out to take notes and see the sights. The first thing that strikes the attention of the traveler is the large number of really elegant and commodious residences and the grounds surrounding them. Trees, especially the popular, grow fast and beautiful, and I found, much to my astonishment, a great variety of fine fruit and flowers, that would make a Californian almost jealous. In fact the strawberries grown in Reno surpass any I have eaten on this coast."

Another peculiarity strikes the stranger, which is this—directly alongside some of the cultivated places you will find a vacant lot of 'sage brush' and you will ask: 'Is it possible to convert such a lot into so beautiful a place as the adjoining one?' and you are told, 'yes, in less than no time, if you will only let the water of the Carson Ditch Company run over it occasionally.'

I started to give you a description of the town and got off the track, and will say this—that a day in Reno before starting for the Springs will well repay anyone."

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—"There was a sound of revelry by night, and Belgium's capital had gathered then, her beauty and her chivalry." In other words, there was a row last night at the dance house, that temple of the muses and distributing point for poor gin and broken heads. "The boys" were evidently hoisting in considerable rum, and dance house potions generally render the muscles very strong. Some conflict in regard to the beautiful and accomplished person who presides over the festivities, resulted in a general engagement all along the line, and the boys went in. A large crop of scalp wounds was the result, and as they all seem indisposed to tell the whole thing, through fear or other motives, we have nothing to say. Pistols were used freely, and were we to publish a minute account of the battle, it would fill our Russian and Turkish subscribers with consuming envy. No arrests.

HOME AGAIN.—Charlie Knust, well known and respected by all of our citizens, returned from Lake City, Modoc county, Cal., this morning. Knust says that Surprise valley is a nice place, productive and all that, but Reno suits him pretty well. We hazard the opinion that they live pretty well in Modoc county, for Charlie is as handsome and corpulent as you please. Since his return our readers will miss from our columns a very pleasant writer, who told us of matters and things in the great north.

The Republican convention of Iowa has declared in favor of silver remonetization.

B. Bill and C. Jack want to slaughter the Nez Perce Indians. Who's holding them?

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Services at the Episcopal Church to-morrow morning, and evening as usual. Bishop Whitaker officiating.

Sunday School immediately after Morning Service.

All are invited.

BAPTIST SERVICES.—Baptist Services will be held at the new Baptist Church to-morrow, morning and evening, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Rev. S. J. Arnold Pastor.

Sabbath School immediately after morning service.

A general invitation to all.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Services will be held at the M. E. Church, morning and evening in the usual hours, Rev. T. S. Uren officiating.

Sunday School at 2 o'clock P. M.

The public are invited.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Services at the Congregational Church to-morrow, morning and evening, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Rev. C. H. Pope officiating.

Sunday School immediately after morning service.

All are invited to attend.

### To-day's Stock Report.

From the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Co

#### MORNING BOARD.

515 Ophir, 17½, 17¾, 17½,
985 Mexican, 10½, 10¾, 10½, 11
1335 G & C, 14½, 14¾, 14
1180 B & B, 21½, 21¾, 21½, 21
245 California, 34
280 Savage, 7½
280 Con. Virginia, 33½, 34
110 Chollar, 31½
595 H & N, 5½, 6, 5½
670 Crown Point, 4, 4.05, 4.10
325 Jacket, 11½
1800 Imperial Con, 1.15, 1.10, 1.20
80 Alpha, 12, 11½, 11¾
245 Belcher, 5½, 5½
180 S Nevada, 45, 46.0
400 Utah, 14, 13½
485 Bullion, 6½, 6¾, 6¾
280 Exchequer, 5½, 5¾
220 Overman, 14½, 15, 14½, 14½
880 Justice, 7½, 7¼, 7
70 Union Con, 5½
370 Julia, 2.40, 2.45, 2½
750 Caledonia, 3, 2.90, 2.95
500 L Bryan, 65c
225 S Hill, 2½, 2.10, 2
750 Dayton, 45, 50
700 R Island, 20c
50 N Y Con, 40c
280 Alta, 1
765 Andes, 90c, 95c, 1
675 Leviathan, 50c, 60c, 55c
300 Trojan, 90c
550 Peytona, 13½, 13.5, 1.30
300 N Con Va, 25c
330 L Washington, 1, 1.15, 1½
100 M Valley, 20c
160 R & E, 8
770 G Prize, 12½, 12½, 12½, 13
1740 Argenta, 1.80, 1½, 1.55
200 Steptoe, 8.40
50 Modoc, 2.15, 2
400 G Charlot, 1½

#### HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Friday and Saturday.

#### LAKE HOUSE.

H A Waldo, Reno	D H Johnson, Virginia
C S Varian, do	E L Brown, Salt Lake
J L Candler, Palisade	R E Lyon, Gold Hill
E McWilliams, Pyramid	S C W Kinsman, S F
R S Hollings, Oneida	J H Benson, Boston
Mr Riggen & C, S F	

#### ARCADE HOTEL.

H A Smith, Summit	E G Farley, Truckee
E G Lytle, Wadsworth	Peter Letter, Los Angeles
J Borden, do	Bill Smith, Reno
A Bowden, Turlock	Geo Reid, Silver Minn.
T W Longmire, Pyramid	M T Sullivan, Susanville
J L Williams, Wyo	R E Beagle, Gold Hill
Alex Bordwell, do	J Fry, Gold Hill
W Irwin, Truckee	G H Crasgahan, Sumit
Rich Flynn, Wads	C E Jones, do
W F Smith, Long Val	H L Haine, w, do

#### DETROIT HOTEL.

Chas I Simon, S F	R H Campbell, R Bluff
Adam Kleser, do	M F Fisher, do
Billings, Carson	D J Jones, Virginia
J L Williams, Wyo	F H Johnson, do
W P McIntosh, do	D F Ray, Bellerville
Mrs G McIntosh, do	E H Todd, III
Mrs Mathews, do	Thos Tait, Cal
A Padron, do	J T Bennett & w, do
E Heller, N J	H L Haine, w, do
E Beagle, Pyramid	R E Beagle, Gold Hill
B Heymannson, S F	D H Jones, Virginia
Adam Kleser, do	H O Pompson, do
Billings, Carson	Q C Montague, Balmo
J W Longmire, Pyramid	Kate Montague, do
E F Smythe, do	W H Tompkins, S F
S C Churchill, G Hill	Bess Montague, do
J O Bonatti, do	M Rockford, Virginia
W H Pugh & w, Carson	G N Folson, Boca
C N Harris, do	Miss A H Clarke, R I
W Fullstone, do	Miss A M Clarke, do
W Peacock, City	J H Hart, do
W Trump, Colfax	Judge Powell, Dayton
C W Curry, do	C W Strain, Vermont
Mr French, Eureka	J J Borland & w, do
Jennie Pown, Austin	J J Kirtrell, Carson

#### INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

G F Reed, Pyramid	J Byer, Mine
J A Singleton, Los An	T Click, do
J L Williams, Wyo	D H Johnson, Virginia
W A Colton, Mine	F Bubar, do
Wm Austin, Reno	W T Murray, Virginia
A Cutler, S F	J H Churchill, do
J N Mullin, do	J Roberts, Reno
J H Kirtrell, Carson	J Salina, Mine

#### POLKIA HOUSE.

S Collins, Gold Hill	D Smith, Cal
Carl Dp Wells	W Chow, do
Mrs Hansen, Cal	Q C Reilly, Virginia
E Forster, do	F Bubar, do
Mrs Stevens, Silv City	J Shawley, do
Wm. Coughlin, Minn	
A Padron, & C, City	
J D Buckley, do	G Buckley, Reno
E Knapp, S F	J O'Brien, do
B Johnson, Mts	G Shaw, East

#### GRANGER HOUSE.

A F Wang, Reno	J Linan, White Pine
In Reno June 28th, 1877, to the wife of R. S. Oshorn—a son.	
In Reno June 28th, 1877, to the wife of E. A. Cullen—a daughter.	
An exchange says: "Let our motto be hundreds for music and food drinks but not one cent for fire-works."	
BORN.	

#### DEAVERS.

In Reno June 28th, 1877, to the wife of R. S. Oshorn—a son.

In Reno June 28th, 1877, to the wife of E. A. Cullen—a daughter.

#### MARRIED.

ROBINSON—HUGHES.—At the International Hotel, Reno, by C. A. Richardson, J. P. Mr. J. C. Robinson to Miss Hattie A. Hughes, both of Virginia City.

#### DIED.

At the Washoe County Hospital, near Reno, June 18th, 1877, Col. R. R. Johnson, aged 67 years.

Near Reno, June 28th, 1877, Mrs. Luella Martin, wife of L. H. Martin—aged 28 years and 2 months.

All are invited to attend.

#### CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Services will be held at the Congregational Church to-morrow, morning and evening, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Rev. C. H. Pope officiating.

Sunday School immediately after morning service.

All are invited to attend.

#### METHODIST CHURCH.

Services will be held at the M. E. Church, morning and evening, in the usual hours, Rev. T. S. Uren officiating.

Sunday School at 2 o'clock P. M.

The public are invited.

#### APPOINTMENTS.

Asst. A general invitation to all.

Methodist Church—Services will be held at the M. E. Church, morning and evening, in the usual hours, Rev. T. S. Uren officiating.

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## RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

### We Know Not.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I know not what the future hath,  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear the unfeigned pain,  
The burden must still not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor trust in man's faith to prove,  
I can but give the gifts he gave,  
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar,  
No harm from him can come to me  
On ocean or up shore.

I know not where his islands lie,  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.

O, brothers, if my faith is vain,  
It hopes like these betray,  
Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.

And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me, if too close I lean  
My human heart on thee.

### Homicide on the Humboldt.

#### A Belligerent Sheep Herder Killed at Nelson's Ranch.

[From the Silver State.]

Last Saturday an affray occurred at Nelson's ranch, on the Humboldt, three miles from the Stone House, in which a German known as Charley, who was employed as a sheep herder by Thomas Nelson was shot dead by his employer. Immediately after the killing Nelson went to Battle Mountain and telegraphed for Coronet Bell to go to his ranch and hold an inquest on the remains. Sunday a jury, consisting of R. V. Kelley, A. Dunlap, C. E. Ames, J. W. McWilliams, Aaron Lindley and J. B. Craig, was sworn by Coronet Bell to inquire into the cause of the death of the deceased. Eight witnesses, including Mrs. Nelson and a girl aged ten years, who were both present at the time the fatal shot was fired, were examined, and the substance of their testimony is as follows: Saturday Nelson told Charley, who had been in his employ since April, to fix a bridge across a slough, that the sheep might cross it. Charley replied that he was hired to herd sheep, not to build bridges. Nelson made no reply and both went to a corral where men were engaged shearing sheep. Charley said he wanted his money and Nelson said come into the house and you shall have it. Between the corral and the house Charley picked up a piece of board and flourished it around. To avoid trouble Nelson went to another of his men named Cardwell, and asked him to take some nails and fix the bridge. Fearing that Charley would abuse his wife, Nelson then went to his house and settled with him, giving him an order on J. W. McWilliams for the amount due him. They had no difficulty in settling, but after Charley took the order he abused Nelson and his wife shamefully, and took the three-legged stool on which he was sitting and attacked Nelson, who warded off his blows and retreated until he was cornered, when he saw no alternative but to die or to shoot. His wife screamed for her help and Nelson fired his pistol at Charley, who then ran out of the house and fell about twenty-five feet from the door. Nelson then went to the corral where his men were shearing sheep, and got them to examine Charley, who was found to be shot in the breast about two inches from the right nipple. He was taken into the house, where he expired in fifteen minutes.

The jury found that the deceased was a German named Charley, whose full name was unknown; that he was about 45 years of age; that he came to his death from a shot fired from a pistol in the hands of Thomas Nelson and that from the evidence adduced they deemed it a justifiable homicide.

"May it please the court," said Yankee lawyer before a Dutch judge, in New York State, "this is a case of the greatest importance; while the American Eagle whose sleepless eye watches the welfare of this mighty Republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghenies to the Rocky chain of the West, rejoicing in his pride of place."

"Shtop! dare! shtop! I say! Vat has di suot to do mit the vild bird; it ish sheep!"

"That is true, your honor, but my client has rights."

"Your client has no right to do eagle."

"Of course not; but the laws of language."

"Vot care I for de laws of language, eh? I understand de laws of de State, and dat is enough for me. Talk to de case."

"Well, then, my client, the defendant, is charged with stealing a sheep, and—"

"Dat will do! Your client is charged mit stealing a sheep. Dat is shust nine shillins. De court will adjourn."

The other evening one of our girls was called upon by a gallant who feared that a rival was getting the inside track on him. He informed her of his doubts and she replied: "Jim, just peel your duds and sail in! The man that's got the most sand is going to get a quit-claim deed to this ledge, and if it ain't worth scratching for he needn't sink on it!" —*Tybo Sun*.

### A "Sun" Sensation.

#### Administration Scheme to Seize the Five Northern States of Mexico.

A Sun Washington correspondent writes: In spite of oft-repeated denials, I have cumulative evidence of an administration scheme to seize the five northern States of Mexico. Agents came here early in the Fall. They may have expected encouragement from the Democrats had Tilden been declared elected. One of the leading spirits in the scheme was a Democrat, and several Southern Democrats were let into the secret; but whatever their expectations in this direction may have been, it is certain that they soon discovered their chances were infinitely better with the other side. Immediately after the inauguration of Hayes and confirmation of the cabinet, ex-Senator Stewart, of Nevada, had an interview with Secretary Evarts, and disclosed to him the outlines of the plan. Evarts was anxious to have all the details. Thereupon, at the request of Evarts, Stewart telegraphed to General John B. Frisbie, of California, who had been here during the winter as one of the leading spirits in the enterprise, to come forthwith to Washington. He came in response to this summons, and had a long interview with Evarts, and disclosed to him all plans. The plan was approved by Evarts, and Frisbie was encouraged to such a degree that he immediately returned to his home at Vallejo, California, and after arranging his business left quietly, and is still absent. The following telegram shows the belief of his neighbors as to Frisbie's whereabouts:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 22—6 A. M.—A telegram from Frisbie's home, Vallejo, says he is believed to be in the City of Mexico. C. D.

With annexation these States will not only obtain a stable government, but two great railroad companies—the Texas Pacific and Central Pacific of California—will immediately compete with each other in building lines of the same or different ports on the Pacific coast. I betray no confidence when I say that everybody at the State department thinks that a difficulty with Mexico is imminent. Mexicans now here are also satisfied that the administration has designs on their country.

#### EARLY REFERENCE TO TOBACCO.

An early mention of tobacco is that in Hakluyt's "Voyages," by M. Jaques Cartier, in 1534. Referring to the people of Hochelaga, up the river of Codoxa, he says, "There groweth also a kind of herbe, whereof in Summer they make great provision for all the yeare, making great account of it; and only men use it, and they first cause to be dried in the sunne, then wearie it about their neckes wrapped in a little beast's skinne made like a little bagge, with a hollow piece of wood or stone, like a pipe; then when they please they make powder of it, then put it in one of the ends of the said cornet or pipe, and laying a cole of fire upon it at the other ende sucke so long that they fille their bodies full of smoke till it cometh out of their mouth and nostrils, even as out of the tunnel of a chimney. They say that this doth keep them warme and in health; they never go without some of it about them. We ourselves have tried the same smoke, and having put it in our mouths, it seemed almost as hot as pepper."

A committee of ladies, representing the Women's Temperance Union, waited on Mayor Prince, of Boston, last Friday, June 22d, with a petition that no intoxicating liquors be used at the banquet to be given in honor of President Hayes by the city of Boston. The Mayor said: "I have been studying the subject thirty years, and know the desire of the Prohibitionists cannot be accomplished, for the reason it is not right that it should be. I approve of a moderate use of wine and liquor, and as the executive of the city of Boston I have a duty to perform at the coming banquet and on similar occasions. The city of Boston desires that every courtesy shall be extended to the President, and I have determined nothing shall be left undone which should contribute to the proper festivities of the banquet. It is customary on similar occasions to furnish wine, and I shall certainly do so."

The Russian ladies have reached that stage inevitable in every popular war. A great number of those residing in St. Petersburg have pledged themselves mutually neither to wear silk nor satin nor costly ornaments, nor to give balls, nor to indulge in other luxuries during the present war, but to devote the money which they would otherwise have spent upon such objects to the nursing of the sick and wounded of their country.

CAPTAIN STOREY.—Captain Edward F. Storey, after whom Storey county in this State was named, was a native of Jackson county, Georgia. He came to Nevada from Tulare county, California, early in 1860, and on June 2d of the same year he was killed at the head of his company in the great battle with old Winnemucca's band near Pyramid Lake. —*Virginia Chronicle*.

Just as pater familias was congratulating himself on the end of a costly winter campaign, the price of paragore is doubled by the war, and the green fruit season just coming on.

Cumberland University has just graduated 35 students.

### The Gold Mines of North Carolina.

#### Fletcher Harper--His Last Appearance as a Composer.

Mr. Snowden has lately made a report on the reopening of the mint at Charlotte, North Carolina, and on the gold mines of that State. He favors the development of the mines and the reopening of the mint. The mines have hitherto produced from \$12,000,000 to \$20,000,000. The King's Mountain or Gaston mine should produce not less than \$50,000 a month if the deposit holds out, of which there seems to be no doubt. From a personal examination of the mines, if worked to their full capacity, and if the placers were properly worked, the North Carolina gold production should be what it was before the gold deposits in California were discovered—between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 per annum. Some of the South Carolina mines, such as the Brewer, Hale and others, would send their bullion to Charlotte, but none of these mines are in operation at present. The total amount of gold and silver deposited at mints and assay offices up to the close of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1876, from South Atlantic gold fields is, according to the report of the director of the mint for 1876, as follows: North Carolina, \$10,335,209.31; Georgia, \$7,379,495.91; South Carolina, \$1,381,521.05. Total, \$19,096,226.27. If thus appears that the mines of this region have heretofore contributed a considerable amount of the precious metals to the mining institutions of our country, and it further abundantly appears that these mines are rich in gold-producing ores, and that many of them are yet undeveloped, and thus are capable of yielding a large increase to the annual supply of gold in our country.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S EYE.—There are old men and men of middle age who can remember the magical influence of Mr. Webster's eye. His voice was majestic, but his eye was almost superhuman.

An anecdote for the truth of which I can vouch, for I was present on this occasion, will forcibly illustrate this.

One Sunday a student from Andover occupied the pulpit, my father not intending to take any part in the exercises. The young minister got along very well with the opening prayer and the Scripture lesson, but when he had read only a verse or two of the hymn, he became confused, stammered, and at last his voice failed him entirely.

As he seemed to be taken suddenly ill, my father finished the services, preaching an extemporeaneous discourse.

On the way home in the carriage the young man, who by that time had quite revived, was pressing for an explanation of his conduct, finally confessed.

"Well, sir, it was merely an uncontrollable nervousness. Just as I was reading the second stanza of the hymn, a gentleman came into church and sat down in the broad aisle pew, directly before me, fixing such a stare upon it at the other end of the church that I was frightened out of my wits."

Until he was then told, he did not know that Daniel Webster was a member of the congregation or an inhabitant of the town.—*N. Y. Post*.

When the trial of the Rev. McGhee for poisoning his wife at Dixon, Ill., was adjourned a number of the women spectators declined to leave the Court room with the crowd, and fearing that they wouldn't be able to get good seats the next morning, brought out blankets from under the benches, and proceeded to make themselves comfortable for the night. Remonstrance proving of no avail, the Sheriff put them all out, with the gentlest use of muscle possible to an official of his class, locked the door of the Court house and went to his rest. This the enterprising Dixon women did not do. They got a thirty-foot ladder and climbed into the Court-room window, and when the Sheriff unlocked the place in the morning they beamed upon him brightly from reserved front seats. The Dixon woman is not to be despised of her fun by any ordinary pepper."

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A STAMPEDE PREVENTED.—Last night, at National Guard Hall, as Bob Ingerson was lecturing, the rush of many footsteps down Smith street, and cries of "stop! stop!" followed by a pistol shot, were heard by the audience. Several persons in the hall sprang to their feet and were apparently about to rush from the room. The hall was densely crowded, and a disastrous panic might have been the result, but for the coolness and ready wit of the speaker. "Don't leave your seats, gentlemen," he said, "that's nothing but a little street row—don't let us break it up." A general laugh followed this salvo, and all hands settled back into their chairs.—*Virginia Chronicle*.

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